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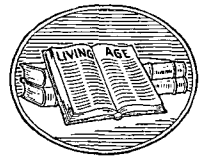

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THE REVOLUTION IN VIENNA

BY ROBERT DUNLOP

On Saturday, November 16, 1918, we read in the evening paper that an Englishman — the first since the war broke out — a certain Mr. Jeffries, representing the *Daily Mail*, had arrived in Vienna. Mr. Jeffries reached Vienna from Innsbrück on the evening of the 12th, the day when the Republic was officially proclaimed; and, in an interview, he had expressed his astonishment at the quietness with which the function passed off. He is reported to have telegraphed to his paper that he saw only one broken window-pane; but, on the other hand, he was struck by the number of well-dressed promenaders on the Ring, and can hardly believe that the population of Vienna, especially the better class, is suffering so severely as is commonly supposed in England.

As a matter of fact, Vienna, as any competent person could have told him, is on the verge of starvation — no food, no clothes, no coals, and a severe winter in prospect. But it is clear that this is Mr. Jeffries' first visit to Vienna, otherwise he would have known, first, that the Viennese are probably the most orderly and best-conducted crowd in Europe; and secondly, that it is the endeavor of each Viennese, no matter how poor and hungry he is, to dress as well as, or even better than, his purse allows him. The revolution passed off quietly because not one person in ten cared a brass farthing for it politically. It was an experiment; and all that people hoped and still hope from it is that it will put an end to their sufferings and enable them to enjoy life once more. It was the same thing in 1848, as we learn from Grillparzer's *Reminiscences*.

The revolution (if the collapse of the old régime can be called such) was the work of a handful of individuals, at the head of whom stood the editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, Viktor Adler; but it has little hold on the people except, as we said, as a possible means of evading starvation; and the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, which is concerned to keep alive what enthusiasm there exists for the young Republic by emphasizing the fact that 'it is the dragon of militarism that has lived in our midst and eaten up our provisions,' is not far wrong in saying that 'we have a Republic but no republicans.' Things are different in Hungary and Bohemia, where provisions are cheap and plenti-

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ful; but for German Austria food is a crucial question. If the red, white, and red flag of the Republic that to-day waves over the Parliament and the Burg means bread, then well and good. If not——? It is, therefore, intensely foolish of any well-wisher of the new Republic to suggest that the better class of Viennese, by which we understand the middle class with fixed incomes, is not, despite its respectable exterior, suffering just as much and even more from lack of food than the workman.

The Austrian German is at best a doctrinaire. His indifference to politics is to an Englishman unintelligible; his want of principle not less so. Not four years ago some of those who now figure as out-and-out Republicans, and even hold office in the new Government, were convinced monarchists and admirers of William II and Tisza. Had the Central Powers won, those individuals would have remained true to the yellow and black flag of the House of Hapsburg, and we should have heard plenty of excuses for militarism. We remember an article written by the editor of what is to-day perhaps the most radical paper in Vienna, belauding William II in a strain which all but elevated him to the divine. The German is sometimes very amusing. For instance, if he takes it into his head to become a golfer, his first business is to visit his tailor and order a red coat; his second to buy a book on the subject, and then to tackle the game itself. So it is with our new republicans. We have got our flags; we have dismissed the Emperor and his family; we have covered up, if (in anticipation of a counter-revolution) we have not removed, every trace of the imperial arms from our shop windows, just as we did 'English spoken here' at the beginning of the war; we call no man Excellency any more; and some of us have even taken to reading Bryce on the American Commonwealth; but we are republicans only in name.

The proclamation of the Republic was the signal for the dissolution of the old Parliament. That Parliament, or rather the House of Commons (for with its sleeping partner, the House of Lords, we need not here concern ourselves), represented the people of the old Empire of Austria as a whole — Germans, Poles, Czechs, Ruthenians, Jugo-Slavs, and Italians — on the basis of universal manhood suffrage. In all appearance it was the most democratic country in Europe — but only in appearance. In fact it was, as it had ever been, 'an unlovely despotism.' The Ministry consisted of nominees of the Crown; and, in addition to this privilege, the Crown had the right by paragraph 14 of the Constitution to send Parliament about its business and rule alone, with the saving clause that its proceedings in the interim should be sanctioned by the next following Parliament.

Naturally, when war against Serbia was declared, the paragraph was at once called into requisition; and the real and only ruler of Austria became the Minister-President Graf Stürgkh, who, in his turn, was merely the tool of the Hungarian Prime Minister, Tisza, and the military party. As the war continued longer than was at first expected, and people began to grow impatient of their sufferings, a demand arose that Parliament should be summoned. To this demand Graf Stürgkh turned a deaf ear. One day he was murdered by the son of Viktor Adler. Shortly afterwards the Emperor, Francis Joseph, died; and his successor, the Emperor Carl, in his desire to right matters, agreed to summon Parliament, and at the same time amnestied the political victims (mostly Czechs) of Graf Stürgkh's régime. The result was

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that, when Parliament met, his conduct (which was attributed to the influence of Professor Lammasch) was violently denounced by the German Nationalists and Christian Socialists. But their efforts to reverse the Emperor's act proved unavailing; and from this moment the Czechs began to obtain the upper hand. Owing to their opposition, the task of carrying on the war became very difficult; and representations were made to Germany that Austria had reached the limits of her strength. The statement was received with incredulity by Ludendorff; and, in order to screw Austrian courage up to the sticking-point, large military assistance was sent and the great offensive against Italy started. The Italians were driven back on the line of the Piave; another stroke, and it was thought Italy must succumb.

Hitherto, the *mot d'ordre* had been 'peace without annexations and indemnities.' But under the effect of the great victory the author of that phrase, Graf Czernin, who had succeeded Baron Burian at the Foreign Office shortly after the accession of the Emperor Carl, thought fit to threaten a revision of the terms of peace, and at the same time to denounce the Czechs as a nation of traitors. In the same spirit of confidence in the successful issue of the war, certain proposals made at this time (September, 1917) by President Wilson were suppressed.

But, as time went on, and the Italians, supported by the English and French, managed, contrary to all expectation, to maintain their position, public enthusiasm declined. Winter was coming on; the harvest, owing to the prolonged drought, was below the average; and the people were beginning to suffer severely from want of bread and other necessities of life. Their courage was restored by the Brest-Litovsk peace and the promise of plentiful supplies from the Ukraine. The bread never came; but the Brest-Litovsk peace set free the German and Austrian armies on the east front. The situation for the Allies, owing to the inability of America to counterbalance the increased strength thus acquired by the Germans on the west front, was sufficiently critical to induce them to offer terms for a compromise. Apparently Czernin, whose speech against the Czechs had raised a hornet's nest about his ears, was willing to discuss matters; but he was restrained by Ludendorff's famous 'Let us conquer.'

Twenty-four hours later the German March offensive began. This time the English were to be driven into the sea and Paris to be captured. The pick of the Austrian army was sent to assist. For a time it looked as if the general expectation of success was about to be realized. The English were compelled to retreat, and Paris was bombarded. Hindenburg received the highest order it was in the power of William II to give him; and Vienna was officially beflagged. For the last time, as it proved; for shortly afterwards came Foch's great counter-offensive, and step by step the Germans were driven back and over their old lines. The disappointment was intense. To all but the blindest the issue of the long struggle was becoming clear at last. On September 11 the German Government through the imperial Vice-Chancellor, von Payer, announced its readiness to agree to an 'honorable peace,' on the basis of a union of nations as proposed by Wilson. For Austria, Baron Burian, who had succeeded Czernin, did the same. But his note was coolly received in England and France; and, before further steps had been taken, the Bulgarian front was broken by the united efforts of the English, French, Serbians, and Greeks. By the end of the month Bulgaria sub-

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mitted to the terms of armistice dictated by the Allies. Efforts were made in Vienna to minimize the disaster. But subsequent events clearly demonstrated the critical nature of the situation; and, at the beginning of October, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey appealed separately to President Wilson to use his influence to arrange for a general armistice, to be followed by a peace based on the Fourteen Points of his message to Congress on January 8, 1918.

For Austria this was a step of far-reaching consequence. One of Wilson's points (*viz.*, the tenth) insisted that the congeries of nations — Poles, Czechs, Germans, Rumanians, Jugo-Slavs, and Italians — embraced in the Austrian Empire should have full opportunity to develop themselves on their own national lines. This clearly meant that Austria was to be turned into a federal State; but whether the Empire itself would survive the centrifugal forces thus set loose was the doubtful point. Anyhow, if peace, which was the all-important question, was to be had, it could only be obtained on these terms. Accordingly, while Germany was haggling, the Emperor of Austria collected the opinions of the Nationalist leaders with the intention of forming a 'Concentration Ministry,' in which all parties would be represented. But, not to mention the Poles, who had already begun to gravitate towards Warsaw, neither the Czechs, nor South-Slavs, nor German Social Democrats would have anything to say to the plan. In particular, the Czechs were strongly averse to the proposal. 'We,' they said, 'and we alone will decide our future, and we will stand no interference from either Vienna or Budapest.' At the same time the German Nationalist declared for a close union with Germany.

Since Stürgkh's murder, Ministry had followed Ministry in rapid succession — Körber, Clam-Martinic, Seidler, Hussarek. It fell to the last-mentioned and Baron Burian to prepare for the change of Austria into a federal State; and on October 18 an Imperial Manifesto appeared, calling on the different parties to give expression to their desire for national autonomy within the limits prescribed by the Pragmatic Sanction. The Germans were the first to take advantage of the permission; and on October 21 a full assembly of the German members of the House of Commons — more than two hundred in number — met in the historic Land-house of Lower Austria in the Herrengasse and constituted itself a provisional National Assembly for German Austria. The first business of the Assembly, after electing three presidents, Dinghofer, Fink, and Seitz, to represent the three principal parties — Nationalists, Christian Socialists, and Social Democrats — was to determine the geographical limits of the new State and to appoint a number of committees, divided into three groups under the three presidents, to take steps for effecting a speedy peace, to make arrangements for the election of a National Assembly, and to adopt measures for provisioning the people.

Meanwhile Parliament continued its sittings; but its proceedings attracted little attention, and the Minister-President explained his views on the situation to empty benches. The question on everybody's lips was, what answer would come from President Wilson. The answer came; but the explanation, that since January 8, 1918, events had occurred to cause a radical alteration in the situation and to affect the responsibility of the United States Government towards its Allies, was a great disappointment. Things were growing dangerous both in Germany and Austria owing to the combined offensive

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of the Allies. For Austria the situation was complicated by the separatist policy of the Hungarian Government and the action of the Poles and Ukranians in establishing independent ministries of their own. Of the disruption of the Empire there could be no doubt; the future position of the Emperor was not so clear.

Towards the end of October Burian was succeeded at the Foreign Office by Count Andrassy; and, about the same time, Professor Lammasch succeeded Hussarek as Minister-President. It was said that Lammasch's business was to arrange for the transference of the Government to the separate national States in accordance with the terms of the Imperial Manifesto; Andrassy's mission was to save the Crown and dynasty by effecting an immediate armistice at all costs. Accordingly, on October 27, a formal application was made by him in the name of the Austro-Hungarian Government to President Wilson, desiring him to negotiate for a separate armistice, on the ground that all the conditions demanded by him, especially in regard to the Czechs and South-Slavs, had been complied with. It was urged in defense of this separate action on the part of Austria-Hungary that it was necessitated by Wilson's refusal to treat with the Central Powers and Turkey *en bloc;* but the step caused great indignation in Germany and among the German Nationalists in Austria.

The fact was so self-evident that, at its second meeting on October 30, the provisional National Assembly, while protesting against Andrassy's 'presumption' in speaking for German Austria without consulting the National Assembly, practically endorsed his policy by addressing a long note to President Wilson, in which, after narrating the course of events since the first meeting of the Assembly, he was solicited to take steps to secure a general armistice 'in order that opportunity may be afforded us to enter into direct negotiations with the other nations so as to secure to each, at the Peace Congress, its full freedom on a durable basis.' This business out of the way, the Assembly proceeded to provide German Austria with a constitution. Beginning by constituting itself the Provisional Government of the new State, the Assembly next appointed a standing committee called a Council of State, consisting of the three presidents and twenty members, to carry on the government and to represent German Austria in its relations with the other states of the Empire and other countries. Being a representative and consultative rather than an executive body, the Council of State was to entrust the actual work of government to a number of Commissioners or Deputies. Each of these Commissioners was to preside over a separate Office of State, *e.g.*, for foreign affairs, the army, the interior, education, justice, railways, finance, etc. His title was to be that of Secretary; and each and all these Secretaries was to be responsible to the Council of State and the National Assembly.

It was still undecided what form — monarchical or republican — the new State would take. Events had followed each other with such bewildering rapidity that no one at the moment knew with whom (Emperor or Parliament or National Assembly) the government of the country actually rested. The question suddenly became a matter of great importance. On November 2 the Council of State received a summons to attend the Emperor, and heard from him that, in consequence of the collapse of the Italian front, he was compelled to conclude an armistice, but was unwilling to take that step without the assent of the Council. At the same

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time he communicated the terms on which the armistice was to be obtained. To this communication the Council replied that, as the late Emperor Francis Joseph had begun the war without consulting the representative assembly of the Empire, and his successor, the reigning Emperor, had continued it likewise without consulting the people, the Council could take upon itself no responsibility for its disastrous issue. Every effort to induce the Council to alter its decision failed; and the armistice was signed in the name of the Emperor by the Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Kövess.

Next day the conditions of the armistice were made public. Consternation was written on every man's face as he read them. After the years of successful conquest and of heroic defense it was unbearable to have to recognize the stern fact of ultimate and irretrievable defeat, *Væ victis!* If any nation ever felt the meaning of these words, it was the Austrian at this moment. The anger against the Hungarian Government that had given the signal for disruption by recalling its forces on the front in the very hour of greatest danger was fierce beyond description. But at the moment there were other things to think of. With an army of several millions in a state of absolute disorganization, deprived of its leaders, who, in only too many cases took advantage of the brief pause, caused by the enemy having to cross the Piave, to consult their own safety, there was no saying what might happen; and the following week was one of great anxiety to the new government.

The collapse of the Austrian front naturally constituted a grave danger for Germany; and instant efforts were taken by the latter to form a new line of defense by directing troops from Bavaria into Tirol and Bohemia. The Council of State in Vienna entered a formal protest against this proceeding; but in Nationalist circles the action of Germany was regarded with tacit approval. Fortunately the German occupation was of no long duration. Under pressure of its own internal troubles and the continued advance of the Allies, Germany was compelled to abandon the struggle; and on November 8 the German Commander-in-Chief opened up communication with Marshal Foch for an armistice. Next day the Emperor William fled, and the Socialists of Germany declared for a Republic. It was hoped that easier terms would thereby be obtained from the Allies. These hopes were doomed to disappointment. If the terms exacted from Austria had been hard, those exacted from Germany were simply appalling to the Viennese. But the Allies were masters of the situation; and forty-eight hours afterwards the armistice was signed.

We are not here particularly concerned with Germany. The Emperor of Austria was the first to draw the conclusion arising from the failure of the war policy instituted under his predecessor. He had begun his reign with an earnest endeavor for peace; but his efforts had been frustrated by William II and the General Staff in Berlin. Until the appointment of Lammasch he had been badly advised. He was a young man, without any experience and but newly married. His wife, being an Italian princess, had suffered with him, and everybody was sorry for him. On November 11 he announced his abdication. In communicating the fact to the Council of State the Minister-President stated that it was the wish of the ex-Emperor to take up his residence in Austria; and, his wish being complied with, he retired to his castle of Eckartsau on the Danube. On the following day German Austria was publicly proclaimed a republic.

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GERMAN IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN TROOPS

A PERSON traveling half-frozen in his unheated compartment, with broken windows and dilapidated cushions, from Mayence along the left bank of the Rhine southward, will see at every one of the little stations and villages — Oberwessel, Bacharach, St. Goar, and Boppard — incredible numbers of American soldiers in grayish-green uniforms. They are the troops of occupation in this region. Also from Coblenz along the Mozel railway as far as this city, America is in possession. One sees them leaning against every fence, standing at every house door, smiling out of the windows, walking along the narrow streets, cooking their suppers in their field kitchens, letting the fair-haired little Rhine children ride on their knees, laughing, gossiping, and smoking. This temporary conquest was, so to speak, thrown into their laps. Few of these vigorous farmers' sons have known much of the real horrors of the war, but they are enjoying its fruits. After a couple of months of pleasant garrison duty in France they have come to Germany. They are conquerors without an effort, conquerors by force of numbers.

Now they are here, men, horses, and wagons. Above all, they have automobiles. The number of automobiles and the amount of equipment the Americans have brought with them is astounding. Their columns of vehicles are passing continuously through the quiet streets of the comfortable city of Treves. Then one notices innumerable little side vehicles, where a motorcyclist carries a companion with him. They plough unconcernedly through the tough December mud. The American Red Cross has also arrived, and a host of sisters in civilian clothing, raincoats and great black hats.

The Americans have shown great tact in not interfering with the ordinary civilian life of the people. There are no troublesome orders with regard to saluting, such as the French have introduced in Mayence for the all-uniformed German officials. Traffic on the streets continues freely until late at night. The telephone, the telegraph, and the post are in regular operation after a short interruption. Even political meetings are permitted and the German Democratic Party is taking advantage of this the present evening. Consequently, American control is the mildest conceivable, or in any case, far less strict than that of the Belgians at Aix and Julich and even more tolerant than that of the French at Mayence.

The lively trade that had sprung up with the soldiers in the city of Treves has naturally had a certain favorable effect upon Christmas business. The shop keepers of Treves could hardly have dreamed of such business activity these holidays, and if they only had more goods, and especially fine goods, they could dispose of them without limit. The ships of the Americans bring everything else the latter need. everything required for the care and comfort of an army of 3,000,000 men. They bring not only what is absolutely necessary, but many luxuries. The American soldiers receive newspapers, illustrated magazines, tea, cocoa, tobacco, chocolate, and the candy of which they are so fond. The latter they like to thrust into the mouths of the little children for whom it is an unaccustomed dainty. The good-natured soldiers say that the little folks often

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beg chocolate, white bread, postage stamps, and small coins from them, but that the only thing the grown people ask for is soap. It is a constant surprise to the Americans that the children should not have chocolate and the grown people should not have soap. Marshal Foch came yesterday to the armistice conference, which has been in session since yesterday at the Hotel sur Post. It is a little commercial hotel. A patient crowd of citizens of Treves waited for hours at the railway for the chance of getting a glimpse of Marshal Foch through the windows of his auto. It was not his plan to reside in the city, but to spend the night in his railway carriage. The number of French in Treves is negligible in comparison with the multitude of Americans, and one never sees the Allies fraternizing with each other. The Americans always say that they cherish absolutely no hatred for Germany, and their attitude confirms this; but they give frequent evidence of certain dislike for their Allies.

An American officer with whom I talked proved to be the son of a Rhinelander from Ohio, and said that there were a great many descendants of Germans among his comrades, for whom this is the first opportunity they had ever enjoyed of seeing the land of their ancestors. Indeed, this great fair-haired American, with the eyeglasses in front of his clear blue eyes, was a perfect picture of a German assessor, whose name might have been Winklesheimer or Schroeder. However, his campaign-tanned countenance did not wear the same expression of juristic self-satisfaction that characterizes our assessors, and he was not able to speak a single word of German. His German father, who had married a native American lady, had forgotten to teach that to his son.

The Vossische Zeitung

A PRISONER IN TURKEY

'You have seriously annoyed the Turkish Government,' said my gendarme, as he and a plain-clothes detective piloted me through the main streets of Constantinople in my shirt-sleeves and trousers.

'What is going to happen to us, then?' I asked.

'I do not know, but you will be punished.'

'Where are you taking us?' I demanded.

'We do not know,' came the detective's elusive answer.

After this we remained silent until we reached the police station. That night found us each in a cell, with gendarmes stationed outside our doors, with the strictest orders that we were in no way to communicate with each other. Here was our difficulty. The true story of our attempt to escape, for many reasons, could not be disclosed, and it was, therefore, imperative to fabricate a plausible story of our actions during several days. For twenty-four hours I sat and thought how to communicate with my companion, only a few feet away, who I knew was thinking how to communicate with me. The wall was too thick for any sort of tapping; the iron-barred

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window was impossible; singing or whistling, or, indeed, making any sort of noise, was immediately cut short, and, strange to say, the gendarmes were unbribable, chiefly because there were always at least three on duty, and no one trusts his neighbor in Turkey. I had no pencil and no paper. To procure these was a necessity. The paper difficulty was overcome by permission to buy a box of cigarettes, and a pencil is not difficult to improvise. I was, in fact, manufacturing some ink out of burnt matches and cigarette ash, when an extraordinary thing happened. At the slit in my door, through which the grinning face of one of our guards frequently gazed, appeared the laughing eyes of a young girl.

'Voici, monsieur,' she whispered, and something tinkled on the floor. It was a pencil! How many winning smiles she had spent on the guards in order to be allowed this one look at the new prisoner I do not know, but she certainly gave him the two things that at that moment he was in most need of — a kind word and a pencil! I never had the chance of exchanging more than half a dozen words with my benefactress, and then she told me she was a Christian, an Armenian. The Turks had put her and her two sisters in prison because their brother had deserted. They were kept as hostages until he should be recaught. They had already been there several months. We were only kept in the police station a few days, and then — still hatless, bootless, and coatless, my companion without even any socks — we were again marched through the streets of Constantinople to the Ministry of War, to be handed over to the military authorities. We were brought before a certain well-known military commandant, whose reputation for systematic ill-treatment of British prisoners was notorious. As we were marched separately across the square from his office to the prison, one certainly did not look forward to the next few months with relish. A Turkish officer entered our names in the prison register, and we were marched away. It was a critical moment. We turned the end of a corridor, and went downstairs. My heart sank within me — I knew we were in for it then, but next moment I was trembling with rage at the indignity of it.

But I must explain. In this ingeniously constructed prison-house there were two stories, 'upstairs' and 'downstairs.' 'Upstairs' is for officers and rich political prisoners. Conditions there are bad enough, but 'downstairs' is for the commonest criminals. It is underground and few of those who go into some of its cells ever see the light of day again. As the iron gates clanged behind me my thoughts were none of the brightest. 'Well, my fine lieutenant,' said the insolent sergeant who accompanied me, 'this is what happens to people who try to run away from Turkey.' So saying, he unbarred a massive door, and thrust me in past a sentry. I found myself in a large room, with about forty indescribably dirty ruffians squatting about the floor. They all stopped talking, to gaze at the new addition to their society. 'A European,' several of them muttered.

A young Greek got up and addressed me in French: 'Hullo, who are you? Why have they put you in here?' 'I'm an English officer,' I replied, 'and was unfortunately caught trying to return to my own country.' 'Oh! that's very bad,' he answered, 'I'm only in here for murder.' At this point our conversation was interrupted by the remainder of the room clamoring for it to be translated. 'Let me introduce you to some of my friends,' continued the Greek. In a few minutes we were

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all the best of friends, except a certain section, who seemed to keep to themselves on the other side of the room. These I learned were the thieves. All the other prisoners fraternized together, for even these people have a code of honor. To do a clever forgery, cheat the Government, or do away with an objectionable neighbor are matters to be rather proud of, but to pick another man's pocket! They sat around me in a circle and discussed the political situation. Why didn't England hurry up and end the war? They most of them liked everything about England, except our air raids. But all this time I was boiling over with rage at the indignity of being put in such a place. 'How can I see the commandant?' I asked the Greek. Oh! that was quite impossible. Everyone laughed at the idea. 'Well,' I replied, 'I refuse to remain here for the night.' I instantly saw I had made a mistake; they all seemed deeply hurt. 'We will make you quite comfortable,' they said. 'I can lend you a blanket,' said one. 'And I a pillow,' said another; 'And I've got a spare plate,' said a villainous Armenian.

'Thank you all very much indeed,' I replied; 'I should be delighted to share your hospitality, but, unfortunately, this is a matter of principle.' So for the remainder of the afternoon I annoyed the sentries, sent for the sergeant on duty, demanded to see a doctor, and made myself thoroughly objectionable — much to the delight of my fellow prisoners.

At last I was told that the commandant wished to see me in his office. I found that my companion had also been brought up from the depths. We were both strongly guarded, and never allowed within ten yards of each other. I subsequently learned that his experiences had been similar to my own. On being asked for an explanation of this treatment, the commandant refused to reply, so I began calling him all the rude things I could think of in Turkish, until, my vocabulary failing, I was forced to continue in English. He waited patiently for me to finish, and then said, perfectly calmly: 'Have you any money in your possession?' 'No,' I replied, remembering that I had two £25 notes sewn into my trousers. Then turning to a corporal, the commandant continued: 'Will you show this officer to his room?' Again I was piloted down the stone-flagged corridors. My companion and I had just time to exchange half a dozen words before we were rudely rushed in opposite directions — this time past the head of the fatal stairs, until I reached my future resting-place. On my entering the room, three people got up from their plank beds: one was a young Turkish officer in full uniform, another was a dark-eyed rogue in a black morning coat and bright green tie, while the third was a pock-marked individual in a gray suit.

The young officer exchanged a few words with my guard. 'Ah, monsieur,' he said, turning to me, 'we are to have the pleasure of your company.' 'Unfortunately,' I replied. 'You must allow us to introduce ourselves,' he said with a bow; 'I am Prince V——, engaged to one of the Sultan's daughters. This is H—— Effendi,' he continued, indicating the gentleman in the morning coat, 'a lawyer and a great friend of mine: and this,' turning to the pock-marked individual, 'is A—— Pasha, an Egyptian.' The Gippy and I looked at each other; he motioned me with an imploring gesture to keep silent. For the remainder of that night the Prince and I discussed the political situation. He was just a little too noble and attentive. 'Of course,' he finally said, 'H—— Effendi and I are not really prisoners; we are sitting on courts-

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martial, and we stay here for convenience.' 'Oh!' I replied. At last the Prince and the lawyer left the room. I turned to the 'Gippy.' 'Who are those two Turks?' I asked. 'You must be careful,' he exclaimed, 'they 're prison spies.' 'Oh, yes, I know,' I broke in, 'I've been here before, but why are they in prison?' 'The Prince for being compromised in a Palace scandal and for killing one of the guards.' 'And the lawyer?' 'For falling in love with an Austrian woman and trying to desert to Austria with somebody else's money.' 'And you?' 'I'm a British subject, and was therefore suspected of espionage.' 'How long have you been here?' I asked. 'Eleven months,' replied the 'Gippy.' 'My friend and I were put into one of the underground places. He died in seven days from starvation.'

For three weeks I was confined to this room without even the privilege of walking up and down the corridor. The two prison spies showed the greatest friendship to me, and skillfully tried to lead me on to talk of past events. They kept up the farce of being free men, and as they enjoyed special privileges for the information they could get from their fellow prisoners, they were often absent from our prison room for many hours at a time. This room had barred windows and bare walls; all the woodwork was infested with vermin; the only blanket, mattress, and pillow supplied me by the prison authorities were in the same condition. There were no washing facilities, and the usual Turkish lack of sanitary arrangements. Until two parcels of medical comforts sent off by the British Red Cross several months before arrived, and reached the prison *via* the Dutch Embassy, I had not had any proper sleep. These god-sent parcels, containing disinfectants and soap, and, in fact, all the things we were most in need of, changed imprisonment from the ghastly to the bearable. I quote a note received from the other end of the building from my companion, to whom by bribing a sentry I had managed to send some things:

> Just had the first night's sleep since we 've been here, thanks to the priceless anti-vermin garments, etc., from your parcel, received intact through sentry.

After the first three weeks conditions gradually lightened. I was moved from room to room. Demands to be court-martialed and to know our sentence remained unanswered. Bulgaria gave in. This was said by the Turkish papers to make no difference, but the wildest rumors filled Constantinople, and even penetrated to us in prison. Then came a succession of daylight air raids, the moral effect of which was tremendous. The first took place on the morning when the Turkish papers had officially published the fact that England had suggested peace. Turkey had consented to let President Wilson, whom she regarded as a neutral, open negotiations. As the Turks were reading this in their morning papers six of our machines appeared over their heads. One bomb fell into a crowded street and killed sixty people. The next morning the papers were filled with righteous indignation. 'If the English don't want us to make peace, we won't.' The air raids continued.

Then, suddenly, the whole tone changed. Enver and Talaat fled; various people tried to form Cabinets; and one morning as we looked from our prison bars across the Golden Horn we saw Entente flags floating above Pera. Even then, with the armistice three days old, the Military Governor would not let us out. He was about to enter into lengthy explanations, when we cut him short, 'If we are not at liberty within two hours we shall force the guard. If there is an accident you will

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be held personally responsible when the Fleet arrives.' In less than half an hour we were at liberty.

After two months of imprisonment in a Turkish jail, complete freedom comes as rather a shock, especially when those two months have been preceded by three years of captivity. But we found ourselves driven through the ancient streets of Stamboul in a cab with our scanty kit. We crossed the bridge. The change was magical; instead of the wood houses and squalor of the Turkish quarter, with depressed-looking Turks mouching about the streets, the white buildings of Pera, bedecked with Entente flags, glittered in the morning sun, setting off the crowd of half-convulsed Greeks, Armenians, and Levantines; and then it happened! Someone gave the word; it was taken up on all sides — 'They're English officers!' People rushed from their houses waving flags; cheering crowds pressed round our carriage. We, who had a few hours before been lying in a dungeon, were now the momentary heroes of a fickle city. We got clear of them at last, dismissed our cab, and found refuge in a friendly Embassy. They gave us addresses as to where we could find suitable lodgings, and that night found us comfortably installed in our own house, administered to by a charming, dapper little Parisian landlord. On the succeeding days we found ourselves in great demand, rich Greeks and Armenians asked us to their houses; invitations were poured upon us from all sides; we were made honorary members of the best club; we went to dinner parties and theatres, danced, and made merry. European Constantinople was *en fête*, breathlessly awaiting, longing for the arrival of the Fleet. 'When will the ships arrive?' we were asked every day and all day. Dozens of Tommies, late prisoners of war, who had broken out of their working camps, paraded the streets of Pera. Everywhere was packed with Austrians, Germans, and Turks. The very air seemed electrical; there was only one thought in every mind — the Fleet!

At last, one early morning, through the mists, majestically steamed the warships. It was a day we had waited years to see, a day on which the sacrifices, the hardships, the pain, and loss ought to seem in some way compensated by our victory. But in me it inspired nothing. As I stood on Galata Tower watching the historic spectacle, as I saw again after years the white ensign, I was perhaps more miserable than I had ever been before. It was while one was a prisoner that liberty seemed so sweet; now that it was obtained, the appalling loss of three years of one's life, hopelessly wasted, seemed almost too overwhelming. As I glanced at the line of prisoners drawn up along the quay, I knew that I was by no means the only one who felt no pangs of joy; no cheer burst from the lips of the couple of hundred British prisoners as the general stepped ashore; their thoughts were with those many fallen companions, done to death by Turkish devilry, lying unburied by some caravan track. A handful of prisoners is all that is left. Only God knows the fate of thousands.

There is one word I will never hear applied to Great Britain and Turkey; it is the word 'friends.' The cruel enemy of a couple of months ago now plays the rôle of the oily, cringing friend. 'Oh! now England and Turkey are friends,' was an expression often employed after the signing of the armistice. I always replied by the same words, '*Bukulum*,' 'Let us see.' I am not vindictive, but it is my fervent prayer that our politicians may realize the Turk in his true colors, and not the Turk who is reported to have treated his prisoners 'like a gentleman.'

The London Daily Telegraph

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PRESIDENT MASARYK

(An Austrian View)

THOMAS MASARYK has conquered. A few months after the outbreak of the war he left this country a fugitive in fear of being discovered and punished with death. Now he is President of the Czecho-Slovak republic, and will enter Prague in triumph, acclaimed by the populace, and shown homage as the founder of a State. Success has always been one of the most valuable blessings that can befall men. Masaryk, who has based his morals upon the writings of David Hume, will have no trouble in defending the morality of his policies, which have brought him his present high elevation, by the employment of measures that regarded nothing but success. The claim of the royal house of Austria to the crown of Bohemia was declared abrogated. The Pragmatic Sanction is torn to shreds. These things have not been done by legitimate successors in the Landtag, but by an arbitrarily summoned national assembly, which appealed to the will of the people. That means revolution. The battle of White Mountain has been lost, and we must adjust ourselves to the situation which has made Masaryk the master of Bohemia.

One of the most peculiar things in his history is that he was never a popular man among his fellow citizens before the war. He is a Czech from Moravia, and that makes quite a difference in his temperament. He has none of the features of a Czech, or the other physical characteristics of that race. His face is framed in a flowing beard. His forehead is high and broad. His eyes are dimmed by much reading and hidden by his glasses. His posture and his walk are those of the real German professor. He speaks that German without the slightest Czech accent, and might just as easily have been a professor at Heidelberg as at Prague. He is too cosmopolitan really to feel the exaggerated national sentiment, and has something of the artist in his make-up. He loves Vienna company, and is accustomed to the society of intellectual ladies. He was something of a lion in many a salon. He wrote a book upon suicide as a social epidemic, and his ventures into these fields made him interesting to people who know how to enjoy life, and who enjoyed having a professor of philosophy, with a fine tenor voice, talk about misery at evening entertainments and banquets.

One would hardly have expected this man to become president of the Czecho-Slovak republic. However, there was another Masaryk, and this man's character is a constantly shifting interplay of mild gentleness and tenacious, sharply cut views, which led him to follow out his opinions to their ultimate consequences. In some cases he has struck out around him so that the sparks flew. The proceedings against the servant, Hilsner, who was charged with double murder, agitated Masaryk's sense of justice so that he took up the case of this friendless creature and demonstrated to the whole world that the court decision was in error. The Czechs opposed him, and Masaryk was reviled, threatened by his students, and driven out of his lecture hall. The rector could not main-

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tain order. His lectures had to stop, and Masaryk was forced to take a vacation, but before he left he wrote on the blackboard in his lecture hall: 'The trial at Polna is a scandal before humanity.'

He published a pamphlet on the case, which was suppressed by the authorities. He has the moral imperturbability of a man who, when convinced that he is right, defends his views absolutely without consideration for his popularity.

An old manuscript was discovered in the vaults of the church at Königinhof. It consists of twelve beautifully written sheets and contains fourteen poems and some other fragments. A report that lyrical and epic poems from the thirteenth century had been discovered created great excitement. Goethe himself rejoiced at the fact. This manuscript was a source of great national pride. However, three professors in the university, Gebauer, Goll, and Masaryk, proved it was a forgery. The excitement of the Czechs at this unwelcome proof caused their club in the local parliament to reproach Masaryk so bitterly that he had to resign his seat. These are examples of his moral courage.

There is still a third Masaryk, the man who founded the Realist party in order to break the chains of political law and to get out of the confines of pan-Slavism. In spite of that he helped the Serbs, and almost justified their plotting. He spent a year in Belgrade, trying to find the writers of certain forged documents. Masaryk is a complex individual, and he cannot be described in a word, but must be pictured under his various aspects.

The route by which Masaryk became president of the republic is a strange one. It is still stranger that Dr. Karel Kramár will be his first Premier. Masaryk was a free lance and founder of small groups, and it was never supposed that he had the capacity to organize and create a conspiracy extending over whole hemispheres. Dr. Kramár was the real leader of the nation, even when the Czechs were most dissatisfied with him. Before the war Masaryk was a political side figure, and felt himself separated from Kramár by his freedom of opinion and his more liberal education, as well as by his dislike of the latter's friendliness for the Czar and his alliance with imperialistic elements in Russia. One of the men became a fugitive from his native land, and the other was sentenced to death. Now one is president and the other is premier of the republic. Anyone who considers the probable sentiment of the Czechs after the war knows that their republican form of government was a token of respect paid to the new master of the world — to President Wilson. He gave the Czechs a motto — 'Self-determination' — a princely gift, to use the language of a previous era. They have shown him the consideration to create a republic, whose godfather he is to be. But looking at the situation practically and merely from the point of view of real advantage, the Czechs have lost by their republic. If the monarchy had continued, it would have had a great influence over 50,000,000 men. The Czechs would have become the real leaders of a great European power, and would have taken part in determining the policies of the world. The Czechs figure that their territories contain 13,000,000 people, and among these they include the Germans. The Czech republic, which denies self-determination to its German inhabitants and proclaims its deadly enmity to the Hungarians, will be a free country in name, but not in fact. It will need a powerful protector to carry out its policies.

The Neue Freie Presse

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THE BRITISH ELECTION

FOUR DIFFERENT OPINIONS

I — LIBERAL

BY GEORGE R. THORNE
M.P. for East Wolverhampton

THE general election has come and gone. Has it been for the real benefit of our international and domestic responsibilities, either as regards the time at which it has taken place or the methods by which it has been engineered? I only speak for myself, but, so speaking, I unhesitatingly say that I consider it both ill-timed and ill-fated.

It has been stated that the object aimed at was national unity. Instead, exactly the opposite has resulted. Just before the election was launched, at the time of the armistice, our people were united as never before. Now they are not only divided and distracted, but sections of them are sullenly angry and resentful. The means adopted to reach the desired unity has been an attempt towards a mechanical uniformity. No one knows better than the author of the election the impossibility of securing such a result by such a method. He knows, or used to know, that unity can only come through liberty.

And therein lies the grave danger to which the nation has been exposed. There has been a deliberate attempt to pack the House of Commons, and, unhappily, it has succeeded only too well.

Taking the smallness of the poll and the number of minority members through split votes, probably there never has been in modern times so unrepresentative a House as the one now chosen. This is not only due to the way in which what should be the free and unfettered right of constituencies to select candidates of their own choice has been interfered with, but even more to the bitter resentment at the election taking place in the absence of the men to whom the supreme credit of saving our liberties is due.

During the war charges were made of flagrant commercial profiteering. In this general election we have witnessed still more flagrant political profiteering. We already know what the nation thinks of the one. At the next general election, and probably before, we shall know what it thinks of the other.

What I consider the nation is most intent upon is, first, a League of Nations to prevent future wars, and, next, the prevention of anything in the shape of permanent conscription in this country. Has the general election helped or hindered in such respect? It remains to be seen.

Then, finally, the general election has been ostensibly fought and won on the broadest and most comprehensive programme of social reform ever submitted to the country. If such policies be carried into effect, no one would be better pleased than the present writer, and no one would be more willing to do all in his power to help in getting them carried. But what must ever be borne in mind is this: those who made these promises have not only now secured the complete control of the House of Commons, but they are in a position to insure that any measures passed by that House are not overthrown, mangled, or delayed by the House of Lords.

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If, therefore, thus having the power to fulfill their great promises, they fail to exercise that power to the full, they will be guilty of having won the election by the most stupendous fraud in the history of our country.

II — LIBERAL COALITIONIST

BY SIR GORDON HEWART
(Solicitor General)

THE opponents of the Government have not done well at the polls. They have, in fact, done rather worse than was expected. Their score under the name 'Liberal' is twenty-eight. It might perhaps have been forty-five. Under the name 'Labor' it is sixty-two. It might have been nearer eighty. But it must be admitted that their difficulties were by no means slight.

They were contending against a programme which they were bound to approve, and against a government which some of them would gladly have joined. They consumed many days upon the argument that the election ought not to be taking place. But, as the election could not take place during the peace negotiations and could not be postponed until their close, it became apparent that there was nothing in the point. Nor was the attack upon government by coalition more fortunate. It was said that coalition was suited to war but not to peace. Unhappily, the most distinguished critic of the Government had urged in September that the problems of the peace and of reconstruction called, not less insistently than the prosecution of the war, for the methods of coalition. Finally, the argument came to be that the opponents of the Government ought to be elected in order that they might take care to see the programme of the Government carried out. These things did not commend themselves to the electors. Nor was that all. It was bad policy (as well as wrong) to proceed to announce that nothing which the new Parliament might do could have any moral authority. It was bad policy (as well as wrong) to say that the Prime Minister had deliberately selected the moment for the election in order to disfranchise the soldiers. And it was bad policy (as well as wrong) to advocate at the last moment 'an understanding between Liberal and Labor' upon the terms of a 'vow' that the Coalition candidate should 'be last of the poll, whatever opinions or party creed he may profess.'

Nothing perhaps is more agreeable in the results ascertained at the polls than the emphasis with which the electors, both men and women, have repudiated the 'pacifists' and all their works. The controversial equipment of some of these candidates consisted largely of evil-speaking, lying, and slandering which recognized no scruple and suffered no fatigue. Their performances in this kind detracted somewhat from the force of their observations (which were many) upon peace, goodwill, and the brotherhood of man. They have been severely punished. Where there are no extenuating circumstances justice must be stern.

One word more as to the Government's opponents. Individual regrets there must necessarily be, and it is sad to contemplate even at a distance the defeat — nay, the rout — of so many veterans who, if they had been elected, were going to see to it that Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues should fulfill their promises. But the opportunity of coöperation, although seriously impaired, is not wholly destroyed. The loyal though rejected auxiliaries will be able in the constituencies to give the Government that support which the fortunes of the ballot-box prevent them from offering in the House of Commons.

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It was Cobden who wrote to Peel: 'The only way in which the soul of a great nation can be stirred is by appealing to its sympathies with a true principle in its unalloyed simplicity.' The Prime Minister has made that appeal, and the soul of the nation has been profoundly stirred. The appeal was that fellow citizens who by comradeship and unity have won the greatest war in the history of the world should bring the same comradeship and the same unity, the same spirit of common sacrifice, and the same devotion to the public welfare to the problems of the peace and the task of reconstruction.

III—LABOR

BY RAMSAY MACDONALD

THE election has been a great demonstration in favor of the Coalition. But the Labor party polls have been astonishing, and amount to a fourth of the votes polled. It now stands the second party in the State. It has met with defeat, but not with disaster. The Liberal party has met with disaster and defeat.

Unfortunately the Labor party in Parliament lacks in men (though there are some, but not enough) who would enable it to perform the functions of an official Parliamentary Opposition. And yet it ought to act as such. What a chance it has if it keeps itself clear of the snares that will be set for it, and if it declines to mix itself up in Governernment responsibilities! If the Parliamentary party and the Labor Executive, assuming that their votes declared at the polls are the bedrock upon which they can now start to build, will formulate a plain, independent Parliamentary policy, every by-election could be fought with profit, and at the next election the party could firmly establish itself. It ought to face the problem of its relations to the other sections of the Opposition, and I see no reason why it is impossible or impolitic to come to some understanding which will leave complete freedom, if necessary, to the coöperating bodies.

I have purposely used the word 'demonstration,' for an examination of the figures shows that that is the character of the election. It is simply a heady anti-German pronouncement, the loudest cheers being given to those who appealed most recklessly to the popular passion. This is seen by a scrutiny of the type of candidate returned. Probably there never were so many doubtful characters in the House of Commons. Some of us who have been the objects of never-ending — and as a rule perverse and wicked — attacks have gone down badly. But we have not fared so sadly as those who were Laodiceans.

So far as I can gather the effect of the women's vote has been to swell the majorities of the most extravagant candidates. In my own case the women from the middle artisan quarters gave me support; those from the villa and poorer ends of the constituency were most bloodlusty and most credulous, and in solid masses voted against me. The election came before the triumphant emotions of the peace died down, and they carried the bulk of the women to the polling booths. Woman as a psychological problem was in evidence; women as citizens had not appeared. Of course, I speak generally. The Labor party women supporters came almost exclusively from artisan families.

Friends of mine are referring to the election as a blow to this and a blow to that. To my mind the greatest blow it has given is to Parliament itself. A Parliament without Opposition leaders, without criticism, without minorities shouldering their proper responsibilities is no Parliament at all. We are now faced with the dangers of other than

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Parliamentary Opposition — with 'direct action.' This is particularly unfortunate at a moment when, in consequence of the later phase of the Russian revolution and the news from Berlin, Parliamentary institutions and representative government are threatened by a rival system of control which destroys democracy as we have hitherto understood it and offers no security for ordered progress.

Can those of us who care for representative institutions agree upon some method of undoing as quickly as possible the evils of this election and of restoring Parliamentary authority? If we cannot, the prospects seem to be industrial unsettlement and the growth of a serious anti-Parliamentary Labor movement. If Bolshevism comes, the Coalition will have brought it.

IV. — UNIONIST COALITIONIST

BY SIR MONTAGUE BARLOW
M.P. for South Salford

DEMOCRACY has delivered its verdict; it is for those who honestly believe in democracy to accept the decision. It seems hardly necessary to say that, but for the fact that the impossible feat of explaining away the hard facts will doubtless be attempted. So many of one's Liberal friends remind one, in their attitude towards democracy, of the proverbial Hindu and his idol: they caress and pet it when it votes for their programme — they slap it and call it reactionary when it does not. Without desiring to be unkind, it is clear there will be great temptation to do the latter with their once triumphant party reduced to twenty-eight all told.

Two or three things are abundantly clear both about the election itself and its preliminaries and also as to its results. During the campaign much was heard of the so-called 'slimness' of the Prime Minister, that he 'conspired against the electorate,' as Mr. Sidney Webb was never tired of urging.

Even if there were any truth in these suggestions, which I do not for a moment believe, the vast phalanx of figures recorded for the Coalition demonstrates beyond all cavil that the depths of national will and decision were stirred far beyond the reach of any electoral devices or details of that kind. The triumph for Mr. Lloyd George personally is magnificent, but, if I am any judge, this election is still more the triumph of the principles of national life, national endeavor, national coöperation and goodwill of which he is the champion. The ostentatious pacifism of many Liberals and the flirtings with Bolshevism of some Labor candidates both met the same stern fate and for the same reason — they were dangerous to the immediate and urgent need of the national life.

Apart from the Sinn Feiners — and it is quite doubtful yet whether they will attend the House — Labor will be the largest party, and presumably will occupy the front Opposition bench. I, like many other Coalitionists, can claim to enjoy the confidence, as shown by large majorities, of a purely industrial area; we have been emphatically authorized to speak in the name and on behalf of Labor in those areas. But the Labor party as such did not win anything like the one hundred or one hundred fifty seats talked of. Frankly, I look forward to the time, and at no distant date, when the Labor party will form a Government; it is in the direct interest of the State they should. A large body exercising political power without any burden of responsibility is a danger to the country. But before Labor as such can expect to secure a sufficient majority to form a Government it must first of all put forward a larger number of

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candidates of the best type, and its staff work must be better done.

To take only one instance, the leaders of the Labor party clearly never made up their minds whether they would or would not support a policy advocating or at any rate admitting the possibility of violence in carrying out their programme. A Labor rally on a large scale was held in Salford during the campaign. According to reports of those present violent language was used. Electors, and especially women, let it be known that they had seen and experienced in the war enough violence to last their time, and that they would have none of it, and that Labor rally probably cost the Labor candidates present very dear indeed. At the last moment this danger seems to have dawned upon them, and they put out a leaflet to the effect that violence was not necessary or contemplated in carrying out their programme. It would be interesting to know the candid opinion of Mr. John McLean, the rejected Labor candidate of Gorbals, on that leaflet.

Given a consistent programme, and a programme which is one of reasonable development and not one obstructive or destructive of the national life, the Labor party in this county has a great future before it.

The Manchester Guardian

OUR FUTURE FRENCH PARLIAMENT

BY VICTOR AUGAGNEUR

THE war has come to an end. For four long years the action of Parliament has been engrossed in military affairs. Out of necessity the Chambers have played, in the organism of the Government, a secondary rôle. The general attention, continually absorbed in the fighting armies, was turned away from every other matter; the country was interested only in those military operations whose efforts were intended to bring about the final success. And even in military affairs, the Parliament was obliged to maintain an extreme discretion, for criticism, even of the most justified kind, might have alarmed the public and caused doubt as to the final certainty of victory. Under such conditions Parliament was forced to labor in silence, and to limit its action to supporting various ministries, until the day came, when, through their own incapacity, these died a natural death. During the war, the Parliament held a difficult rôle, for it was paralyzed by the constant necessity of leaving to the various governments the liberty of mind and action indispensable to the performance of the great duties for which they were responsible, and it was paralyzed also by its obligation to respect the famous 'sacred union.' The legislative halls became almost silent, and the few voices which were heard, did not reach either the world without or the press.

The signing of the armistice, however, began a new era for the Chambers. The scope which has been opened is immense. These four years of public

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life, publicly and economically full of contention, have shaken everything in our national edifice which had been built in before the war. Our governments and the Parliament will now have to accomplish a task which is more complicated and difficult than that of carrying on the war. In addition to the reforms which are considered indispensable at all times, experience born of the period of battle has revealed other reforms no less indispensable. In all domains we shall have to make innovations. But a simple enumeration of the matters to be gone over, would exceed the limits of this article. An outline of the reforms and supplements to be added to our organization would still be much longer and more difficult. But we can define, however, without too lengthy a discussion, the spirit in which the representatives of the French people of to-day must handle the immense work of which they have taken or will take charge.

The unanimous wish of France, is, I am sure, to see political discussions disappear from the Parliamentary scene in order that our national attention may be directed to a careful and sagacious study of all the practical problems of national organization.

No more politics! One hears this watchword everywhere, especially in conservative centres whose policy has been defeated by half a century of republican effort.

Yet we, too, must adhere to the spirit of these words; we, the republicans. We must adhere to it, yes, but only after having clearly pointed out how we understand this spirit. We look forward to the rise of a great republican party of Socialist and Nationalist tendencies; not to the advent of a party divided into small sects, and created less for the benefit of the cult than for the profit of the officiating political pontiffs; we aspire to a party having in view the administration of affairs, and not the government of men.

What guaranty shall we ask then of those who claim admission to the Parliament? First, that they be *republicans*.

We naturally exclude once and for all the partisans (are there still any left?) of the monarchical, royalist, and imperialistic régimes. Before the war, the monarchists were very scarce, after the war will there still be any left to serve as specimens? The 'Give us a King, or give us peace,' of antique skeptics, has been so vigorously rebuffed, that it is very doubtful whether the monarchical idea could rally even a few church wardens, or *nouveaux riches* in quest of ennoblement, to its standard.

And who will not be a republican? Let us define the characteristics of republicanism, for unless we define it, there are those who might try to govern the republic in the retrograde spirit of a monarchy.

After hard struggles, France, by the will of the majority of her citizens and their representatives, has not only definitely installed the republic, but has given it a meaning by a body of law: a legal shield of the liberty of thought. The republican form has granted every citizen the right to speak forth freely; the laws which I have in mind are those which have emancipated each citizen from the tutelage of dogmas.

These laws: the laws on teaching, the laws on the separation of Church and State, on the abolition of the Concordat, are the soul of a democratic nation, for which the republican Constitution serves as an *esprit de corps*. For without the soul, the body is an instrument without direction.

Whosoever declares himself to be a republican must consider these laws as untouchable. We should admit, how-

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ever, to the republican group all those who, at the time of the framing of these laws, opposed them, if these folk now accept the laws without reserve.

Nobody will deny that twenty years of Parliamentary life have been employed in passionate discussions over religious questions. Activities, and intellects which could have been so useful, applied to other subjects, have been absorbed and dissipated in endless disputes. Instead of fixing public attention on subjects of immediate utility, that attention has been concentrated on purely political questions. We do not want those times to revive; we do not want to be hypnotized by the sight of political battles, and it is in order to put an end to this strife, that we ask all people of good will, we ask even conservatives and opponents of recent date, to be republicans unreservedly, and to renounce all attempts to reconsider these definite and unchangeable laws.

The second obligation which rests upon an adherent of the Great Party of the future is the obligation to be a Socialist.

In the same manner as we have defined *republican*, we must define the word *Socialism*.

We spurn all dogmatic Socialism; to our mind Socialism is a state of mind, a deep feeling of justice for all, a constant sensation of human brotherhood. It is not a doctrine proclaiming the supreme truth, and enacting for societies an ironclad constitution. Even as social morality is more or less the same thing in all religions, and, consequently, independent of all particular religions, so is Socialism, the highest expression of social justice, independent of the schools and sects which pretend to personify it.

Our Socialism would make the starting point of life equal for all men, and leave to the capacity of each individual the diverse points of arrival. It does not base its means of action on the class struggle, but on the harmony between the different classes, whose boundaries are only artificially limited.

Our Socialism acknowledges no bar to social changes, however great they may be, except the general welfare. Our Socialism, more empirical than doctrinal, and regardless of traditions, is ready for all measures and for all changes, provided that these measures be the ripened fruit of evolution and not the brutal work of revolution.

This conception makes rubbish of any 'sacred' doctrines of classical political economy, and the acceptance of the secular laws by the adherents of our programme eliminates from our party all partisans of political reaction. Our *Socialism* simply thrusts from its fold all defenders of the immunity of capital, all those who have not yet understood that the rights of the workingman are equal to those of his employer, and that these two elements must discuss those rights on equal terms.

Our Socialism has not an international character. We intend, within our national limits, to be the masters of our political and social action, and we shall not feel obliged to accept the management or control of the Socialists of other countries. That men of different nations should unite and confer on a subject of common interest, or exchange their ideas and experiences, we hold most acceptable; such is the object of every international congress. But that the domestic administration of everyone of the conferring nations should be decided upon by these congresses, that we refuse to admit; we refuse to be Internationalists.

The great error of Jaures, in making French Socialism stoop to German, at the Congress of Amsterdam, has been too brutally recalled by the events of

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this war, to allow of a defense of Socialistic Internationalism.

Internationalism failed so terribly that it cannot be revived.

The great Socialist Republican party of to-morrow will be characterized on the one hand, by the rigorous support of all the anti-religious laws, and on the other, by the rejection of Internationalism and of routine Parliamentary procedure.

I shall probably be told that my Socialism is very vague, that it is only a good intention, that its basis, like its goal, is uncertain.

I do not deny it: but does anyone believe that any dogmatic Socialism is at heart more precise, or that its course is less wavering?

What of communism (the future paradise of the believers) as a goal? Can there be named a Socialist who possesses a clear vision of a collectivist or communist society?

Our collectivism will keep within the domain of realities; it will limit itself to the nationalization, to bringing about the public ownership of the public services. As for pure collectivism, absolute communism, who wishes to see them?

And the means of reaching our far-away, improbable Socialist goals?

The class struggle? But we have had Socialist ministers in power. They have not forced the class struggle, they have not even requisitioned the factories; rather they have contributed to the enriching of the capitalists, and as a consequence have only brought about an increase of salaries. The classes of capital and labor have kept their reciprocal positions, or rather have joined their efforts to better their incomes; and the whole weight has borne on the classes having a fixed income, the middle classes. Experimentally, under exceptional conditions, the class struggle has not worked, not any more than has Internationalism, nor has the middle class been made to disappear by the concentration of capital, as Karl Marx predicted.

The class struggle has brought to pass its consequences only in Russia—Bolshevism. The 'have nots' have taken or destroyed everything which belonged to the 'haves'; misery and distress are universal. The lesson of it all is eloquent.

To argue about what society will be one thousand years from now is to waste our time, we shall be behaving as if we were theologians. Are we to relapse into useless political discussion? Let us be Socialists in the sense that I have indicated, that is, let us be impassioned for social justice, and let us strive to impose it, without asking what will become of social evolution after our time.

On the day when in the Chamber a majority will be formed round the broad principles which I have just outlined, public life in this country will be profoundly modified. In the place of theoretical disputes, we shall have discussions of practical affairs. Parliament will grant less to eloquence and more to reason. Little by little the country will follow. It will elect representatives, on the basis of their real worth, services rendered, experience, and active energy. In Parliament itself there will be established an indispensable moral discipline. There will be fewer groups and sub-groups founded to seize political patronage on the distribution of portfolios. The ministers themselves, upheld by a coherent and solid majority, will be better qualified to resist individual interests.

The crumbling of parties, *l'union sacrée* has overturned Parliamentary life. There is no longer a 'programme,' no more parties; there remains only the personal question.

If the Parliament wishes to keep an

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indispensable authority over the Republic, it must reform itself. In order to succeed in that reform, let us make an appeal to honest men, to men of integrity who will accept the constitution of the great national party whose principal features I have outlined, and group themselves in such a way as to maintain in peace a France as great as she was in war.

La Grande Revue

THE NEGOTIATIONS AT SPAA

I AM at Spaa. There are flags and garlands wherever one looks; flowers at all the railway stations. The homeland is greeting the returning army. It is a different picture than was presented in August, 1914, or in the days of our great victories in the East and West, when flags were likewise waved. It is a cold winter wind in which the colors floated to-day. Is there peace? Yes, it has come. The frightful orgy of murder is at an end. Fathers and sons are returning home. The war is over and we can see singing troops marching through the streets, but when we stop to think how different a return we hoped for, our hearts sink.

An express train, though only so in name, again carries me over the familiar ground from Berlin to Cologne which I have crossed so often in the happy days of peace gone by and later in the course of the war. Cologne, ancient, holy Cologne, a French bridgehead! Ye comrades, friends of my youth, who marched by my side in Russia, in the bloody bath of Flanders, on the Somme, at Verdun, who withstood suffering and death, who would have expected this? You are the truly happy ones, who died in the exhilaration of the charge! I envy you.

Elberfeld, Barmen, Haspe-Koln. Where is the lively activity of former days? The railway stations are deserted. Wherever I get a glimpse of the streets, endless, interminable columns of men are marching. Through every little town and village troops are streaming. They are all excellently disciplined and they are in movement or standing at attention waiting to be assigned their quarters. The train leaves Cologne with four passengers, who are crossing the border—one Swiss, one Hollander, and one Swede besides myself. It is the last train to go. The last! And how often during the past four years have we traveled through Brussels and Lille! That is all past. Was it a dream? We approach the border. Troops are constantly streaming toward the east. Twilight descends over the autumn landscape. Here also there is peace and oppressive silence. There are only a few German officials at Herbesthal. On the platform are several prisoners on their way back to their own countries—mostly French and Belgians, but also several women who were forced to leave their homes. Now they want to get back. How many will not find their homes, not even the village where they lived? They are quiet, waiting as if they were suppressing all their happiness and joy by a powerful effort. Only one Frenchman in a new German uniform trots excitedly around, talking to everybody. Yes, he was in Russia at the time of

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the revolution, but he had always laid low and that had saved him. The Bolsheviki had mined a street and when his company was passing had blown it up but he was saved. He got away mighty fast, etc. Meantime, two young girls have begun to waltz, humming lightly. They have the faces of an Apache with a brutal expression, stupid, heartless, degenerate, but happiness shines in their eyes.

We are kept waiting. There is no locomotive. The German crew is to take the train on to Spaa. They will have no signals because the Belgians have not yet taken over this part of the road. Finally we proceed. It is almost dark. We can see, however, that people are standing in the doors of all the houses; that groups have formed along the streets. Here likewise are flags and garlands, but they are the flags of our enemies. Belgium is awaiting its 'liberators.'

We get a sense of the nervous expectation reigning here — how everyone is waiting in the brightly lighted houses and the decorated streets for something to happen. We can appreciate how these people feel to-day, the day the last German soldier left Belgian soil. For them the war is over.

Spaa — how often that name is going to be spoken and written in the future! It will be spoken with a triumphant victory-conscious smile by the French. It will be spoken short and quick with quivering lips and sad resignation by the Germans. Spaa, the city in which William II of the Hohenzollerns made up his mind to abdicate the throne and to renounce the royal right of the Crown Prince. Spaa, where the armistice was accepted that ended the greatest and most frightful war in the history of the world. Spaa, an elegant, attractive little watering place where in times of peace wealthy foreigners came to take the waters, and where in the Casino the little ponies carried small fortunes on their saddles. Spaa, untouched by the war and all its horrors, the former German grand headquarters. My feet felt heavy as I trod this soil. It seemed to me a consecrated place. Historical events occurred here, the full significance of which will only be appreciated by future generations. It came too suddenly for us to realize what has happened and we shall have to collect ourselves before we appreciate the situation.

I felt as if I sat upon an island, where I could never be at home. For the first time I was alone in the land of the enemy, for the new front now lay far to the east and the troops of the Entente were advancing. Yes, they are deploying in their new positions. They still take the war in bitter earnestness. They still fancy that we are planning a new attack. They thus give evidence of the respect which the great achievements of the German army have forced from them: 'An army which retires in such excellent fashion has not been beaten. A land which has such an army is not conquered and is not suffering from revolutionary disintegration.' I hear this on every hand. It is the bitter truth and the people at home and at Berlin, who fancied that the moment the armistice was signed the common people of the hostile countries would fall upon our necks, were terribly deluded. They have no conception of the fearful earnestness with which things are taken here, of the untold difficulties which face our representatives, who are dealing daily with implacable and incredulous victors, who believe the war is still going on.

But I shall speak of that some other time. At this serious moment externals impress one so strongly at Spaa that one cannot pass them over. During

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the four years that I was in active service on the front, we frequently wondered how it would be to talk again with English and French officers who were not prisoners. Here they are, elegant, coolly courteous, with a sort of patronizing comradeship such as one finds only in high superiors — or conquerors. The major of chasseurs there, with a clear-cut, energetic face somewhat theatrically shaded by his dark hood, who is just descending from an auto and returns our salute hastily with two fingers, is the adjutant of the French General Nudant. He has a good German name, but Major Schütz is most unyielding. France, thou art to be envied, for thou hast understood how to attract people to thy side. On his breast there glitters an order of merit that jingles with his active movements. The man beyond is Nudant, representative of Marshal Foch. The broad golden braid of a general decorates his cap. His impassive attitude and his careful avoidance of every unnecessary gesture serve only to emphasize the energy revealed in his finely chiseled countenance. Everything about him is abrupt and accentuated — his pace, his greeting, the way he pulls his moustache, the twitching of his mouth, the way he drags back a chair and pushes it still further back when sitting down. That tall, distinguished, elderly gentleman with an English moustache, lightly supporting himself on a slender walking cane is the American representative, General Rhodes. His cool courtesy gives him a certain superior air of distinction among his comrades. He stands there participating with a superior smile in the conference, as if he desired to say that America's hour had not yet come.

At the session to-morrow morning we will see them all again. Orderlies, officers, and members of the German commission are busily moving hither and thither in the hall of the Hotel Britannique. The main headquarters of the German army had been here since February of last year. When the staff took its position at this point, we officers along the front knew that the great offensive, which was represented to us as the victorious conclusion of the war, was immediately at hand. The result has been quite other than we expected. One part of the dining-room with its great windows has been cut off by a low curtain. The larger part is the place where we hold our sessions. It contains an immense table of plain wood. There is where General Rhodes sits. He has nervously sketched upon a pad of paper a head that looks like General Winterfeldt. Behind the curtain is the dining-room of the German commission, containing six small, round, simply-furnished tables.

We ascend to the second story to the chief clerk's office. A young, good-looking lieutenant receives us. By jove, we've seen each other before, but where? The war was a long one and has shoved us about. 'Yes, the general is there.' I am announced and presented before a tall, aristocratic man, with clear, wise eyes, a man who carries immense, almost superhuman responsibility. His task is to conduct the negotiations for Germany and to stake his reputation on the results. Only a man who knows the conditions and who knows the persistent distrust with which the enemy watches over our compliance with every detail can appreciate the difficulty of the task. A round, amiable, good-natured voice strikes my ears. 'Why, of course, Paris, between 1900 and 1913. I remember. Yes, he is dead. Tell the Germans at home what a hard fight we are having here. Tell them the Entente persists in considering us a

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shifty, treacherous enemy, which is merely making new plans to fall upon the Entente countries again and is trying to calm their distrust by a State revolution. Unless the people at home stab us in the back, we hope yet to gain an endurable peace, which will spare our honor and give us an opportunity to recover, but the internal discord and constant overturns, which are disorganizing our country to the core, destroy every prospect of recovery. Agitators in Germany should cease their disturbances, otherwise the situation is hopeless and the threat of the Entente, which though not expressed is hung over us during all the negotiations, will be put into effect. The conference will be broken off and Germany invaded. But we are going to have other occasions to talk this over. There is a great deal to be discussed that people at home would never think of, but that they will realize the importance of later.'

A fine rain is falling as we hasten through the flag-decorated streets to the Hotel Britannique. Belgians are bringing in pine bows on great wagons to adorn the streets and houses. Little triumphal arches are being erected and flag poles are being set up. The Belgians are still waiting for their English liberators, but the latter have not yet arrived. They were not able to keep pace with the swift marching time of the Germans. During the interval the inhabitants are removing every evidence of the German occupation. They are tearing down the German signs and notices. Men are along the Rue Royal with a big hose washing the street. The street is clean but they are washing off all evidence that the Germans marched along it. Some of the English officers are living in the city, while the French occupy country houses outside the town. Several of the former are hurrying to the sessions at the Hotel Britannique. They are very stylishly uniformed and to our eyes look more sportsmanlike than military, but they are men of vigorous slender form and they have shown us during the past four years that they are also good soldiers. But see their boots! In general, their love of leather is remarkable. Many of them have so many belts and bands of leather hanging on them that they look like a horse in a stylish harness. Everyone meets at the entrance of the Britannique. The French, Americans, Germans, and English salute each other formally and courteously. Many of those who are better acquainted shake hands. Every language is heard, including much German. No one is addressed by his rank and the title 'Mister' is often dropped. Everything is ready in the auditorium of the hotel; people stand around smoking cigarettes, waiting for the session to open. It is a few minutes before 10 o'clock. We form groups and talk of indifferent matters.

At last everybody enters the hall. General Nudant takes his place in the middle of one of the long sides of the great table. He had entered with short steps with two fingers at the vizor of his cap, saluting the gentlemen present. 'Bonjour, Messieurs.' A slight bow in each direction. With a short and possibly intentional theatrical gesture, he throws his cap upon a side table. The English, French, and Belgians sit on either side. We note the typical English head of General Haking. The Belgian General, Delobbe, appears filled with quiet happiness over the liberation of his country. The American General, Rhodes, has an air of indifference. He sits next to General von Winterfeldt across the table from Nudant. Beside him are his officers, while on the other side of Winterfeldt are the gentlemen of the German com-

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mission, Major Brinkmann, Captain Schäller, Captain von Unger and several others. The sub-committees of the different countries have grouped around smaller tables. We note the railway committee with the chief of the field railways and several privy councilors, and Count Poducci of the Finance Committee and Spinnes with the gentlemen of the Coal Committee. There are so many details to be settled that experts must be left to handle them.

The misleading name 'armistice commission' gives a false impression of the real task that faces us. The armistice proper has already been concluded. We have laid down our arms and the conditions imposed are known. We are now discussing the carrying out of these conditions, the possibility of complying with them and the requests to change provisions that cannot be observed. Our attitude is that the war is really over; that a resumption of hostilities after our complete military and political collapse is not even a remote possibility. Quite apart from the fact that the German nation could not be persuaded under any circumstances to resume fighting. The Entente, on the other hand, takes the position of a temporary victor, who has to deal with an opponent that has not been crushed in a military sense — that is, to be sure, in the midst of a political upheaval, but not yet ready to surrender unconditionally. Our enemies are trying to assure themselves in a military way against a possible German spring offensive. We keep emphasizing that inasmuch as the German troops have laid down their arms, the conditions of the armistice that remain important are only those of an economic and technical character, and that these must be considered because some of them cannot be carried out except at the cost of creating chaos, famine, and misery in Germany.

The excitement of the Belgians increased every moment. News began to come in that the mob had started pillaging at Liege and Verviers. Mobs even assembled in peaceful Spaa, forming processions that marched through the streets, with Belgian flags, singing the 'Brabanconne'— the Belgian national air — and the 'Marseillaise,' and organizing an outbreak against the so-called friends of Germany. The latter are presumably people who had done business with the Germans during the occupation and are to be punished for it. The reproach is not a fair one. Belgium was for more than four years under German occupation, and if the Belgians wished to live at all, they had to deal with us. The fact that some or several of them made a mighty good living at it is well known. We could tell some remarkable stories of this traffic. But the excited populace, which was enjoying its first opportunity to indulge in war hysteria, made no such fine distinctions or qualifications. It demanded a scapegoat. During the night the houses of their victims were marked with black crosses and the mob now called upon the owners to take down the Belgian flags, which they were not worthy to fly. Most of the people of whom this demand was made did so readily. If they hesitated to comply, they were helped. A house, whose woman owner refused to obey, was wrecked in a moment from attic to cellar. That is a quick process if the windows are crushed in and everything in the house quickly thrown out the window.

During our last meal together, we conversed at length concerning Ludendorff's part in the war, the beginning of U-boat warfare, the moral collapse of the west front and the attitude of the Kaiser. We shared this meal with

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the commission in friendly circles, from which we learned many interesting facts. We were surprised to learn how generally known and recognized for a long time had been the baneful influence of the men who were mainly responsible for the needless protraction and the unhappy ending of the war. I was astonished that there were so many who knew these facts, who knew the calamitous effects of our naval policy and who, moreover, recognized what tremendous mistakes resulted from the unreliable temperament of a monarch who has not a single friend in his misfortune and in his dishonorable exit. All this is a subject of surprise and painful contemplation. But we all realize that the arbitrary policy of Ludendorff, who enslaved the press in an unprecedented manner, who built up an unstable edifice of authority and supported it with every means in his power long after the foundation had become unstable — we realize that this had sealed not only our own mouths, but the mouths of many others. At last, it was too late to save the situation, and here we are at the conference table in Spaa, facing a conqueror who knows no mercy.

At last we are on the way homeward through Belgium. Then we catch sight of the German colors and as we draw nearer Berlin soldiers fill up the trains. We arrive at the Potsdam station nine hours late. Thousands of placards are posted everywhere, bearing the words 'Welcome Home.' I am suspicious and inclined to suspect that it betokens mostly the desire of the shopkeepers displaying these signs to get the soldiers' trade. But no! Even the little green stand near the small house with a tower on Potsdam Place has a sign between two little flags wreathed with pine boughs: 'Welcome Home' — it stands directly over the entrance of the little booth, and so my journey ended in spite of its generally sad impressions, with a smile.

The Frankfurter Zeitung

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THE FAREWELL TO YOUTH

BY MARGUERITE FEW

I that have left my youth behind
With vain regrets, and stifled fears,
And with a more advisèd mind
Embark on the maturer years.

I, that have laughed the livelong day,
And who have danced the morning in,
Recall my fancies far astray
Now the long quiet hours begin.

And I am jealous of Young Love
And, envious still, in my gray hairs —
Whom calm affections placid move —
Covet their raptures and despairs;

Having grown something old and wise,
And seen life neither gold nor gray,
Looked on my neighbors with kind eyes
And watched the glory pass away.

Spring was the madness in the blood,
Autumn a trumpet-burst of flame,
But every season now is good
And all the years are just the same.

But the most bitter thing to me
The words I should have left unsaid
To those — beyond all charity —
(Whom I have loved) — now dead.

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SALVING THE K-13

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE

For nearly two years this story has lain hidden among my papers. I could not let it loose until the war had ended, though it does not tell of any battle with a mortal enemy. It relates just one small episode in that never-ending conflict between British seamen and the sea — a war without an armistice — which has been waged for a thousand years, and which is beyond the peaceful jurisdiction of any League of Nations. Human wars come and go, but the Royal Navy is always on active service.

I was in Scotland when this happened that I write of, and I took the details in all their intimate simplicity from the mouths of the chief actors — from the salvors who sweated blood that they might be in time to pluck live men out of a steel coffin; from those who lay below and who, drugged by poisoned air, remained throughout indifferent to the issue, whether of life or death. It was a queer paradox of a fight in which the salvors, not those saved, got all the excitement and all the thrills.

K-13 was a fleet submarine of a new type, more like a submersible destroyer than an ordinary under-water boat. Fairfields of Govan built her, and even now it were unwise to be too explicit in description. But some few details are necessary for an understanding of my story. She was over three hundred feet long and displaced two thousand tons when submerged. Unlike most submarines, which are driven on the surface by internal combustion engines, K-13 was a turbine-engined steamer with two funnels fitted with watertight covers for closing when she dived. The ventilators which fed air to her boiler room were also equipped for rapid closing down. A bulkhead cut off the boiler and engine rooms from the central control room, and another bulkhead forward divided the control room from the foc'sle. Thus, like Cæsar's Gaul, K-13 was divided into three parts. Of her armament, which does not concern us here, I will observe a discreet silence, though to me it was of absorbing interest. But I must say something of her upper works. The conning tower was large and humped forward, so that a man could stand upright under the hump yet needed to stoop to reach the hatch, which was on the lower unhumped portion. Above the conning tower was a chart-house and bridge, and, of course, a mast stayed in the usual fashion. For a submarine, therefore, the K-13 had a lot of top hamper, and a passage from the conning-tower hatch, when the submarine was under water, towards the upper air was thickly studded with perils from the chart-house roof and the stays of the bridge and the mast. Yet two men did pass out; one was caught and killed; the other's luck held — he was not killed.

At noon on Monday, January 29, 1917, K-13 left her builders' yard to carry out diving trials in the Gareloch. A large party was on board. In charge of her was Commander Herbert — 'Baralong' Herbert — and with him went Commander Goodheart, who had been appointed skipper of another

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K of similar type. Many of Fairfields's staff were there, for K-13 had not yet been taken over by the Admiralty. There were Percy Hillhouse, the yard's Naval Architect, Bullen, the draughtsman in charge of submarine construction — a man who knew every nut and bolt that went to her — Searle, the Admiralty overseer, and McLean, the yard manager of the K submarines. It was no complement of amateurs which manned the K-13 upon her fatal trip. While steaming down the Clyde she grounded slightly at Whiteinch, but suffered no hurt. The famous Clyde is more of an artificial canal than a river, and it is easy to touch ground in the narrow channel. No harm was done, and K-13 went on to the Gareloch, and there passed successfully through her trials. She was accepted for the Royal Navy by the Admiralty officials.

Then it was that the unexpected happened, as it always does at sea. Herbert decided to take one more dive — perhaps just for luck, perhaps to satisfy himself upon some nicety of trim. He gave the order to close down and dive and the K-13 dived. Though the order had been given to close down, and the reply received that the order had been carried out, the ventilators had been left open. instantly the water poured into the engine and boiler rooms, drowning those within, and K-13 sank by the stern. The water flowing towards the control-room bulkhead compressed the air in the room and indicated immediately what had happened to the alert senses of Commander Herbert. 'Our ears began to sing' say those who were within the belly of the ship.

All this occupied a space of time measured in seconds. In a few more seconds Herbert had all compartments closed tight and the forward tanks blown. The hydroplanes, too, were set to rise, but the resources of seamanship could not overcome the loss of buoyancy. Overweighted by her flooded boiler and engine rooms K-13 sank to the bottom, grounding upright on the mud in twelve fathoms of water. No blowing of ballast tanks could bring her up, for the calculations of her builders showed that with all tanks empty she would still be too heavy by four hundred tons to float. There is very little reserve of buoyancy about even the biggest of submarines.

While Herbert in K-13 had been struggling to rise, his efforts were detected and understood by skilled seamen above. An E submarine had been attending the trials, and her officers saw at once from the surging mass of air-bubbles that Herbert was blowing his tanks and was in grave difficulties. Submarines dive when trimmed to float awash, and descend or ascend by delicate movements of the horizontal rudders (hydroplanes). In this trim when diving they are lighter than the water displaced, and do not need to blow tanks in order to rise. Much time was saved by the presence of the E-boat, for when K-13 did not rise, and quite evidently could not rise, she dashed off at once to gather assistance. Had Herbert and Goodheart down below known how quickly help was being summoned above they might not have made that fatal though most gallant effort to pass out through the conning-tower hatch.

It was at 3.30 in the afternoon that K-13 came to rest upon the bottom of the Gareloch, and the short winter's day in the North was drawing towards sunset. As soon as the commander of the E-boat had marked the spot where K-13 lay, he pressed at full speed for Greenock, flashing as he went aerial signals to the Senior Naval Officer in Glasgow. A salvage steamer, which was lying at Greenock, went off at

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once and picked up two hoppers and two tugs as consorts. Telegrams were dispatched to Fairfields and to Glasgow, and the news spread quickly through those circles whose business it is to be well informed. Not a moment was lost by those upon whose shoulders rested the responsibility of the salvage operations. By the early hours of Tuesday, long before daylight, a fleet of seven vessels had collected at the spot below which, seventy feet down, K-13 rested motionless in the mud. There were the Greenock salvage steamer, the two tugs, the two hoppers, and two E-boats. With them, in charge of everything and responsible for everything, was the S.N.O., Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Brian Barttelot, and with him was his naval assistant, Captain Corbett.

The problem before the salvors bristled with novel difficulties. In peace and war we had lost many submarines, but never had a live man been taken out of one which had sunk. Barttelot was limited by what was mechanically possible. He had not — as I confess now that I had when composing 'The Last of the Grenvillas' — the guiding light of a precedent. First he had to get into continuous communication with the survivors of K-13's company, for without their coöperation he was helpless to aid them. Then he had to devise a rapid and effective means to supply them with air and food for a period which might stretch into days. And, lastly, he had to get them out. That was the worst of his problems — how to get them out. For remember K-13 was a great bulky double-skinned lump of a vessel of two thousand solid tons and of more than three hundred feet in length. She was not the kind of craft which could easily be raised.

But although Barttelot's difficulties were great his advantages were greater. He had nothing to fear from bad weather — the Gareloch is narrow and well sheltered. He had within reach the incalculable resources of the biggest shipbuilding centre in the world. And there in Glasgow he had, too, just round the corner, the builders of K-13, who knew the work of their own hands as a man knows the picture which he has painted or the book which he has written. There was yet another advantage, and one which was not small. There inside K-13, if they could be got at, were four of Fairfields's experts who would supply that intimate technical knowledge of the craft which the salvors themselves could not possess. Once communication had been established, Fairfields in Glasgow and Fairfields in K-13 would be linked to the chain of salvage, and would lift success from the barely possible up to the almost probable.

Meanwhile Fairfields in Glasgow were hard at work. A special staff of draughtsmen and mechanics were put on to the construction of two flexible tubes, one designed for the passage of air and food, and the other for bringing up the men one by one, if no other and better means was found to be possible. The first tube, in comparison with the second, was easy of construction. It was seven inches in diameter and fitted with a screw union to connect with the circular ammunition hoist beside one of the deck guns of K-13. The other, built of steel sections, was designed to fit tightly over the torpedo hatch by means of a connecting frame. The first was the more immediately urgent, for until it was completed and fixed in place the survivors in the sunken submarine must remain coffined. Both were put in hand long before communication had been established between the salvors and K-13, and here one sees how completely the lives of all the imprisoned men depended upon Fair-

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fields's exact knowledge. Both tubes would have been useless unless their dimensions had been precisely correct. There was no need to press Fairfields's workmen not to waste a moment; by night as well as by day they threw into their pious task every ounce of energy and every refinement of skill which they possessed. To lay hand to the work was an honor for which all eagerly competed. Though both tubes were completed in an astonishingly short time, and the first proved to be invaluable, the efficiency of the second — the man-saver — was not tested. Other means were successfully employed to get the men out. But this does not detract in any way from the merits of its design and of its rapid accomplishment. Battles may be won without calling upon the reserves, but he would be a very poor general who had not the reserves ready, if need be, at his call.

For the time being the salvage party could do little except to send divers down and to open up communications with the men whom they had come to save. Until the first tube, which I have just described, was ready to their hands, they could take few active measures. The vessels and plant at Barttelot's disposal were quite incapable of raising the great hull which lay below them, and the famous Ranger, for which he had telegraphed to Liverpool, could not arrive till the following day. The Ranger, owned by the Liverpool Salvage Association, had been requisitioned by the Admiralty early in the war, and had proved as powerfully effective in war as she had been in peace. She is worthy of her name, for under Captain Young — the most accomplished of living salvage officers — she has ranged over the world, picking up wrecks a dozen times her size with an ease which looks almost miraculous. I have seen her at work. She is a little old composite steamer built of iron and teak — incredibly old, fifty years at least; she knocks about among wreckage as indifferent to hard blows as was Nansen's Fram; and she brings to her never-ending jobs gear and brains which make their incredible accomplishment seem easy. K-13, emptied of men, would soon have been lightened and raised by the Ranger's tremendous steam pumps — she will lift a Dreadnought if it be not damaged beyond possibility of patching up by her divers — but K-13, with fifty living men inside, called for finesse rather than power. It was the men, not the ship, that Barttelot and Young were out to save.

And while in the cold pale light of that Tuesday morning in the North the salvors sent down divers to call in friendly Morse upon their comrades below, and to cheer them with the assurance of rescue, the unexpected happened again, as it always does at sea. Suddenly before the astonished eyes of the salvage party up shot a column of foam and bubbles, and in the centre of an artificial whirlpool gyrated stern upwards a human body. And a very live body it proved to be when up-ended and pulled clear of the water. Involuntarily, without the smallest intention of quitting, Commander Herbert had been boosted by the ill-mannered high-pressure air out of his own ship, and flung, a bedraggled, gasping figure, in shirt and trousers, almost into the arms of his would-be rescuers. How he came out I will now tell, and in doing so will return to half-past three on the Monday afternoon when K-13 settled fast down in the mud of the Gareloch.

She lay upon an even keel in seventy feet of water. In her flooded after-compartment, shut off from the control room by a strong closed bulkhead, were twenty-eight dead bodies, including that of Engineer Lieutenant Lane. The

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engine room and boiler room staffs — twenty-three men of the navy and five of Fairfields — had all been instantly drowned when the submarine dived with her ventilators open. The fore bulkhead had also been closed, and in the control room were gathered the fifty-one survivors of the disaster. The air pressure in the compartment, raised by the inflow of water to about two atmospheres, dulled the sense of all and induced an apathy which increased into hopeless fatalism as the slow hours passed. Among the men there was little talking. One heard at first an almost careless comment, 'Rotten way to die. We would sooner go under fighting Germans.' That was all; no complaints and no trace of panic. No one expected to be saved, and no one cared very much. With Herbert and Goodheart, his guest, it was, of course, different. Upon them and on Fairfields's officials rested a responsibility which kept nerves tightly braced.

At first there appeared to be little danger that the survivors would lack for air. The high-pressure bottles were far from empty, and the bodies and minds of those within K-13 were suffering from too much air, not from too little. Food they could do without for a long while, for no one wanted to eat, and even after supplies came from above few ate. The men were not hungry, but thirst devoured them, a thirst little appeased by copious draughts of water. The real dangers lay unseen below and around. Behind the after-bulkhead stood a wall of water at a pressure of thirty-one pounds to the square inch, against which the strength of the steel, supported by the air pressure in the control room, was a sufficient barrier. But though the bulkhead might have been in little danger of collapse, it could not prevent water from leaking through. Those leaks were the deadly peril. If the oozing salt water had reached the fully charged electric batteries of the vessel poisonous chlorine gas would have been given off and the control room turned into a mortuary. The batteries never were reached, but the risk, even the probability that they would be, was always present to the subconscious minds of officers and men. Perhaps it was this, as much as the air pressure, which caused that disbelief in rescue which remained with them up to the moment of actual safety.

But though the salt water did not turn the batteries into ministers of death, it did its best to suffocate the unhappy men who crowded K-13's control room. It reached and short-circuited the switch, causing some of the cables to fuse. Fumes of stinking smoke from the burning insulation befouled the air, and the fire was put out with the greatest difficulty. The switch could not be touched and the current cut off, so no method of extinction remained except to beat out the fire with lumps of wood wrapped in cloth. It was got under in this fashion, but the stink that it left behind remained immovable.

It was on Tuesday morning that Goodheart obtained permission from Herbert to go out through the conning-tower hatch and to carry news of the disaster to the world outside. No one in the sunken vessel knew anything of the work of salvage which had begun within a few minutes of the K-13's fatal last dive. To the officers and men of K-13 it seemed that they were isolated and already dead to the human family. The risks of the issue from the conning tower were beyond experience, but the attempt at any rate was accepted by the gallant Goodheart as a sacred duty. If he could get out alive, then the survivors of K-13 would no longer be dead to the world and might con-

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ceivably be saved. If he were killed, well, he would be killed in the way of business. While it was Herbert's plain duty to stick to his ship, it was equally Goodheart's duty to clear out and to be jolly quick about it. So he argued, and Herbert, a man of the same fine quality, accepted his arguments as palpably sound. Nothing remained except to devise means and methods of exit.

It was decided to go forth by way of the conning-tower hatch and to use high-pressure air from the bottles to speed the passage. I have explained how one part of the conning tower was humped. The general idea was for Goodheart and Herbert to climb up into the conning tower and to take station together under this hump, where they had head room to stand upright. They would then close the lower hatch which gave upon the control room and have nothing between them and the upper outside water except a bolted sheet of steel. The density of the air cooped up with them would be roughly two atmospheres (twenty-eight pounds to the square inch) and the water pressure outside about thirty-one pounds. If, then, the sea-cocks were opened the water would flow in not too furiously and would fill the lower part of the tower, but would be prevented by the imprisoned air from rising very high in the hump. There the men could stand in extreme discomfort, no doubt, and under severe pressure, but, nevertheless, alive and active. Then those inside would turn on high-pressure air in large quantities so as to expel the water and to give Goodheart a handsome lift from behind when he sought to be gone through the upper hatch. Herbert went with Goodheart to help him and to wish him Godspeed in his passing, but with no intention of following in his path. His place was with his men. It was a path both tortuous and full of unknown dangers. Above the conning tower was a chart-house, of which the roof opposed a formidable obstacle to a vertical ascent. There was a large manhole in this roof, but, unluckily for Goodheart's bold scheme, it was not cut directly above the hatch. This inclination of the passage out caused Goodheart's death.

The two officers made their way to the conning tower, secured the lower hatch, then through the opened sea-cocks in rushed the water, but standing in security under the hump the heads and shoulders of the men remained uncovered. A moment later, according to plan, the high-pressure air from below was driven in and the bolts of the upper hatch withdrawn. 'Goodbye, sir,' said Goodheart; 'I'll try now,' and stooping under the open hatch he was carried forth. Those were his last words, for, missing the aperture above, he was caught under the roof of the chart-house and drowned. There died a most gallant young officer, to whose memory, months afterwards, a posthumous award was made of the Albert Medal in gold. The powerful air, forced in by the pressure from the bottles, continued to surge into the conning tower, driving the water before it and tearing the helpless Herbert from his retreat under the hump. He was whirled out in the centre of a column of air and water, carried safely through the manhole in the roof of the chart-house and clear of the mast stays, and delivered at the surface like a scrap of wreckage. He went up with both hands before his face, and declares, according to my authorities, that he breathed all through his ascent. He was picked up immediately and insisted upon giving all possible information and guidance to the salvors before accepting any of their kind offices for himself.

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We have reached noon on Tuesday and the survivors of K-13 have been entombed for more than twenty hours. No word had yet come to them from outside of the efforts which were actively in progress for their rescue. But they were not destined to remain much longer in ignorance. Even while Herbert and Goodheart were making that effort at communication, which had been so grievously costly, the leaden soles of a diver were planted on the submarine's deck. At first attempts were made to flash signals through the periscope, but the surer and simpler method of tapping Morse dots and dashes on the steel plating was quickly substituted. Between the inner and outer skins of K-13 were interposed five feet of water, admitted through flap valves in order to distribute the pressure when she penetrated the depths of the sea. Linked together by stays and trusses, these two skins formed an encircling girder of immense strength. Water is an excellent conductor of sound, and the Morse taps of the divers without could have been readily heard and interpreted by those within had their senses not been dulled by the thick bad atmosphere. Conduction was indeed so good that the replies of K-13, struck on the frames of the ship, were picked up and read without difficulty by the salvors on the surface of the loch. It happened, therefore, that though outside talked to inside and replies were received, it was by no means easy to get inside, to grasp and to carry out precisely what outside wanted done. And it was found to be particularly difficult to secure the exact and essential coöperation of those within K-13 when that flexible tube arrived which had been designed by Fairfields to be screwed into an ammunition hoist upon the deck.

This was in the early hours of Wednesday morning, and by that time the unhappy men imprisoned within the submarine were approaching the limits of human endurance. Though no chlorine gas actually had been given off by the electric batteries, the air in the control room was so foul as to be almost unbreathable. Fresh air from the bottles, without means to expel the poisonous atmosphere of the ship, would only have increased a density which was already unbearable. Many in drugged sleep forgot their troubles, and even those few upon whose alertness hung the lives of all, had become drowsy and sluggish. Vitality was ebbing; the love of life, and with it the expectation of rescue, had passed from all. The company of K-13 may be divided during this period of imprisonment into sleepers and somnambulists, and it was only because trained minds retained some small part of their habitual control over exhausted bodies that the somnambulists were able to understand and to coöperate sufficiently with the salvors to bring this story to its happy conclusion.

The long flexible tube, seven inches in diameter, which was to open up a clear passage between K-13 and the upper air, arrived at 4 A.M. on Wednesday morning, but it was not until four hours later that it was in place and in effective operation. To the eager salvors the delays were exasperating; there were many more delays, even more exasperating, to be suffered, before their job was finished. They had to explain to the enfeebled folk within precisely where the tube was to be fixed up and how they were themselves to complete the open passage. The tube was designed to screw, by means of an adaptor, into an ammunition hoist, and, when this was done, it needed but the removal of the retaining plate inside to put the device to immediate use. When the salvors had done their part it was for the prisoners

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to do the rest — to remove the inner plate as quickly as they pleased. But when it came to explaining this not very complicated operation by tapping out messages in Morse on the deck it was by no means easy to get K-13's survivors to take it in. By patient repetition that was done at last, and then the divers busied themselves with fixing up the tube. They had to measure the screw threads, so that the adaptor might be made to fit accurately and to prepare a packing of tow soaked in tallow to exclude the water. A salvage steamer is a traveling workshop and divers are skilled mechanics, so that this part of the job, though it might consume time, presented no difficulties. By eight o'clock on the Wednesday morning the tube had been screwed firmly into place, the inner plate of the hoist had been removed, and the men, who had for forty and a half hours lain buried in a steel coffin, were at length enabled to draw into their impoverished lungs air which was free from pollution. It was scarcely the fresh air of heaven, for it came out of an E-boat's bottles, but though tinned it was a draught of infinite refreshment. The pumps of K-13 were at once set working and the two days' accumulations of foul smells and gases were thankfully expelled. A pipe run down the now open tube brought blasts of high-pressure air which were allowed to expand and to blow away all festering impurities; this pipe also brought replenishment to K-13's bottles. With the power of her charged batteries and her refilled air-bottles, she was now ready to play her part in the work of salvage.

The salvors had got through in time to save, but the margin was small. At 6 A.M., two hours before the tube was opened into the sunken submarine, the water leaking through the after-bulkhead had short-circuited the lighting cables, and K-13 was in utter darkness. To the men imprisoned it must have seemed the darkness of the tomb. Even the strongest among them could not have borne up very much longer. They were so little capable of excitement that not a man cheered when the air-tube was opened.

For the salvors the worst had passed, but for the prisoners the worst had yet to come. Fourteen more hours of suffering had to be endured before the rescue was completed, and they were hours more full of perils than those which had passed. The devils of the sea were not willing to yield their prey to the efforts of man. One of these perils was the old haunting threat of chlorine gas intensified. Of the others I will tell in their place. When the control room was opened up to the outer air by the tube which had been fitted the pressure within fell to the normal. It had been raised when the submarine sank by the intrusion of hundreds of tons of water into the enclosed space of the hull. But the pressure in the flooded compartments and upon the bulkhead, which alone stood between the survivors and death by drowning, remained at thirty-one pounds to the square inch. The leaks in this bulkhead at once increased and the water gushed through in greater volume. It looked as if the means which had saved the men from a slow death from suffocation would hand them over to a quick death from poison gas. If the salt water had reached the powerful batteries it must have been decomposed into its constituents and given off gas in deadly volumes. The expedient was adopted of pumping the incoming water into the bilge, but this could not continue indefinitely. Time was now an even more urgent factor in the rescue than it had been during the previous two days. This was fully understood by the salvors, who furiously yet with

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orderly precision redoubled their efforts. It was decided not to attempt the removal of the men one by one through Fairfields's big steel tube which had been made to fit over the torpedo hatch. The method was too uncertain and, even if feasible, too slow. Instead of risking all upon this doubtful means of egress, Barttelot determined to throw all the energies of his plant and staff into raising the bows of K-13 above the water and cutting a hole through her double skin. The Ranger was on the way and would soon arrive; what he could not do without her would become comparatively easy with her powerful assistance.

In the afternoon she came, and Barttelot, though he remained responsible, gladly handed over the entire direction of the critical operations to Captain Young. They could not have passed into better hands. No experience in salvage in any part of the world counts beside that of Young and his Ranger. Sunset was approaching, and night would soon overshadow the Gareloch. But this mattered little. The Ranger, accustomed to work at all hours of the night and day, was equipped with arc lights which could shatter any darkness. It was easy now to communicate with K-13 through the tube and to make clear how she was to help herself. She was over three hundred feet long — three hundred and forty feet, to be precise — and did not need to be tilted very steeply to bring her nose and upper bow plates clear of the surface. But to be got up into a working position she must be lightened forward. This was done by blowing all the forward oil tanks. The heavily loaded stern held tight in the Gareloch mud, but the bows were free and, as the tanks were blown, they lifted rapidly. They heaved up through ten degrees, and the salvors who were watching for the movement instantly whipped steel hawsers under the forepart of the submarine and secured the ends to bollards on tugs alongside. K-13 was up, but would she remain up? It seemed most unlikely, and remained most unlikely until the end.

The hawsers — six-inch — were too light for the job, but none stronger were at hand. No sooner were the bows of K-13 up and secured than her stern began to slip backwards into the mud. Before she brought up against hard ground she had gone back thirty feet. More hawsers were whipped under her and held, but there was no security that they would continue to hold. There was no security for anything. It was a fight for life against the ruthless chances and devilries of the sea. The supreme risk had to be taken of cutting a big hole through the outer and inner skins. If when it was cut the hawsers parted, or K-13 by burying her stern still more deeply escaped from their embrace, all would be over. The men remaining in the vessel, forty-nine of them, would follow into the shades their dead messmates whose bodies lay in the boiler and engine rooms. But whatever the risk the hole had to be cut, and that quickly.

Inside the submarine, hope, which may have flickered a little when the air-tube was first opened, had given place to the old dull apathy. Food and drink had been passed down the tube, but appetite for them had vanished. They struggled mechanically, as trained British seamen always will so long as life is in them; they struggled mechanically like automata against the incoming water. It was difficult to move about upon the most urgent duties. The wet and slippery floor of the control room lay now on a long upward slant upon which the half-dazed seamen stumbled and fell. There was no lack of courage; no one grumbled or lamented; but frail human

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bodies have their limits of endurance, and those limits had been reached.

Yet the men worked on and did their utmost to carry out the directions of those who led them. The place where the hole was about to be cut lay far towards the bows, and to reach it from within the fore bulkhead must be opened. But when it was sought to unclose the bulkhead which divided the control room from the foc'sle, it was found that the door had jammed and would not slide back. For hours this miserable shut door stood between these men and freedom. Somehow at last it was got open, but no one has clearly told me how. It was not until the survivors of K-13 had for a long time been above water that they became voluble — and untrustworthy. At the moment of rescue, or shortly afterwards, they remembered as little as one on awakening in the morning remembers the details of a dream. Yet they remembered that door, how it stood there obdurate for hours and at last yielded. Though how it had stuck or why it yielded they could not say.

Meanwhile the hole in the bows was being cut, and the cutting of this hole supplies me with one pleasing bit of comedy with which to round off this rather grim story. Any acetylene plant makes butter of steel plates, and it was very rapid work to draw the spouting white flame, fed from the Ranger's plant, round a rough circle marked out on K-13's bows. The outer skin was quickly cut through. Within lay water filling up the space honeycombed with cross ties between the inner and outer skins. Before the inner hole could be cut, this water must be pumped out. The place selected for the hole could not be reached by the steam salvage pumps, so the men working upon the submarine's hull were compelled to fit gear for pumping the water out by hand. They knew that it was no more than five feet deep, so they bent their backs to it cheerfully. But they were less cheerful when they found that their efforts produced no appreciable result. 'There must be a devil of a lot of water between these skins,' said they, and bent to the task once more. Shift followed shift, and the pumping went on. It was a tiresome, back-wearying business, but precious lives were at stake, and they would get that water down and the inner hole cut if they died of disgust in the doing of it. But the water showed no sign of going down. How long this pumping went on I cannot say with precision. Admittedly it was hours, probably as many hours as it took to pry open that obtrusive bulkhead door, for some of the survivors of K-13 had got through their job and arrived under the pumpers' feet while they were still pumping. It then occurred to the slaves of the hand-pump to seek after enlightenment from those whom they were pumping to save. 'How long is it going to take,' asked they, 'to get rid of this damned water between the skins?' They were asked by one of Fairfields's experts how long they had been pumping. The reply was 'Hours.' 'Have you closed the flap valves?' dryly asked the man of Fairfields. They had n't; the water was coming in just as fast as they pumped it out; they had been trying with hand-gear to pump out the ocean!

After this little discovery progress became rapid. The valves, which admitted water between the skins, were closed and it did not take long then to get through. A hole was cut by acetylene flame in the inner skin and the way out was opened at last. It was ten o'clock on Wednesday evening, January 31, fifty-four and a half hours after K-13 had sunk, that her forty-nine survivors emerged into the blazing arc lights which shone from the Ranger's masts. They could not speak; many of

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them could scarcely walk. One by one they were helped by kindly hands along a gangway to a tug and thence to the shore. They stumbled ashore, unconscious of the cheers which greeted them, gazing without recognition upon the friends who welcomed them. And so to Shandon, where they were put straight into hot baths and lifted thence into bed. For they were dumb and perished with cold. It is always cold in a deep-diving submarine even in high summer; in the bowels of K-13, lying seventy feet deep in the Northern mid-winter, the cold, though little noticed at the time, had been paralyzing. Forty hours of bad and poisonous air, fifty-four hours of bitter cold, had brought the bright flame of these men's life down to a poor flicker. But recovery was rapid, and not one of the survivors disappointed by dying those who had saved him.

Twenty hours after the last man had been plucked out of K-13 the hawsers which held her up parted, and she sank to the bottom of the Gareloch.

The world did not ring with news of the story which I have told, for the censor forbade. But His Majesty, who was a sailor before he was a King and remains first and always a sailor, sent to Barttelot a telegram of which the purport, rendered in the language of the naval signal book, ran 'Manœuvre Well Executed.'

The Cornhill Magazine

HILDA LESSWAYS' SON*

THE modern historian has brought the practice of his art — he is usually pleased to call it a science — to such a pitch of conscientiousness that he frequently spends three years in the composition of an octavo volume describing the events of a year. This evolution of method, which has finally deprived him of his chance of ever coping with all the syllables of recorded time, has not yet been observed in the novel; and, since Mr. Bennett closes his new novel at the end of 1914, it may be supposed that he has an excellent chance of bringing the chronicles of the Clayhanger family down actually to the moment at which he writes the last sentence of some future novel. *Clayhanger*, it will be remembered, began somewhere before the date of Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill; and it, with its successors, *Hilda Lessways* and *These Twain*, covered a large section of the lives of the two protagonists. Now Mr. Bennett picks up the story of Hilda's son, by her first invalid marriage, George Cannon, in 'early July, 1901'; and as he leaves him in anything but a final manner on the last page, after having given him a brief taste of life in the Artillery, no doubt there is more to come. Certainly the existence of a character abandoned in such a position is more precarious than was ever that of Edwin and Hilda; but Mr. Bennett thoughtfully provides George with three daughters, so that there is no need for the Clayhanger epós to come to an end before its creator so desires.

The book is not, we think, quite on a level with its predecessors. It is cer-

* *The Roll-Call.* By Arnold Bennett. Hutchinson. 6*s.* 9*d.* net.

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tainly not to be compared with the first of the series. George is less thoroughly conceived than that marvelously real Edwin, and all his adventures, while they are more diversified, are considerably more sketchy. The accumulation of detail has been done with a care less minute and perhaps a little less passionate. Mr. Bennett, in a word, has put less work and less of himself into the book. It seems to hold a position midway between his more ambitious novels, such as *Clayhanger* and the *Old Wives' Tale*, and the intermediate and less elaborate though still characteristic works, such as *The Card* and *The Lion's Share*. But, as he could not in any case have avoided doing, he has put much of himself, both of his creative virtues and of his mere idiosyncrasies, into the book. George is, of course, a youth from the Five Towns, who comes to London to pursue his fortune — this time in an architect's office. He is, the reader need hardly be told, inwardly timid and inexperienced, yet outwardly confident and determined, whatever may happen to him, to appear to all beholders as grasping firmly the reins of the situation. Luck and his native parts collaborate to give him always what he desires; and at a very tender age he miraculously wins a great competition and becomes famous. To this fame he adds a promising, though not very substantial, material success; and, just as promise is developing into performance, he throws it aside, becomes a second lieutenant in a Territorial Battery, the junior of a boy of twenty-four and the aversion of a typically militarist colonel whose caprice sends George off on 'a wild and idiotic errand.' The volume closes with George warm and happy in the consciousness of having by accident brought the errand to a successful conclusion.

Side by side and intermingled with these events George's emotional career has of course proceeded. He begins with a secret engagement to Marguerite, daughter of an ancient factotum in the office in which he is articled. He lodges in the factotum's house, and the affair prospers through certain adversities; but it ends when George perceives that Marguerite is more sensible of her duty towards her father than of her duty towards him. He afterwards marries Lois Ingram, the daughter of an English journalist in Paris. She bears him three children and disillusions him, though she does not quite bring him to the point of owning his disillusionment. As he has, towards the close of the volume, had innocent occasion to meet with Marguerite again (she is married to a middle-aged etcher), it is to be presumed that this incident is only postponed. At this point a mysterious but suggestive note which the publishers have placed on the paper jacket of the book falls to be considered. They call it 'The romance of George Cannon, which, unlike other romances, begins after his marriage.' Now the book is three hundred pages long; and George is first discovered in the married state on page 213. Moreover, the last eighty-eight pages of the book are hardly even as romantic as those which precede them. They proceed to say that 'the theme of this novel' is 'can a man love two women?' Since the question whether a man can love two women successively is hardly worthy of Mr. Bennett's attention, we may conclude that the sequel is already designed, and that George will be found in it vacillating between Marguerite and Lois. It would have been better perhaps if the fact of the destined continuation had been definitely announced and its nature better concealed.

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This is not unimportant, because Mr. Bennett, unlike many novelists of equal artistic conscientiousness, is never indifferent to the virtues of invention, and can be read for the pleasure of the story alone. It really matters very little to anyone whether the plot of a novel by Henry James or by George Meredith is known in advance or not; but Mr. Bennett's plots have their own value and should be kept for the author's unfolding. This value, however, it may be freely admitted, is not the most conspicuous in Mr. Bennett's equipment. His great fortune and his great attraction for the reader lie in the curious attitude towards life and the world with which he is specially endowed. It is obvious in every line he writes; and it inspires his best contributions to literature. It proceeds from the *naïveté* and impressionability of a youth of the Five Towns, new to London, who adds to these characteristics without destroying them, the capacity for precise and intimate knowledge of all at which he wonders and which he admires. The complexities of modern life, the rituals of culture and polite behavior, remain a wild adventure to Mr. Bennett even after he has mastered their intricacies; and the better he knows the rules of the game the wilder the adventure becomes. He is able to move through the maze with perfect composure, he knows every shibboleth and is glib in pronouncing it; but in his heart he stands detached from it all, a spectator, his elation only equaled by his self-possession. It is this which has enabled him to make so many and so vivid pictures of manners in very different sections of English society. His pictures are not, of course, photographically accurate. Indeed, this is the most absurd accusation that has been leveled against him. His pictures are no more correct likenesses of what he sees than Mr. Max Beerbohm's caricatures are correct likenesses of the persons whom he honors. But posterity, thirsting for information, will prefer Mr. Beerbohm's drawings to any photographs; and it will prefer Mr. Bennett's books to those of a more accurate historian.

This unique and splendid gift is reinforced with a style which, if occasionally a little deliberate and always a little dry, is often enchanting in its fortunate use of words and an imaginative sympathy with the spirits of other persons, without which Mr. Bennett could hardly be considered a candidate for admission to the first rank of novelists. If he is eventually denied admission, it will be on the ground that he has not exhibited this quality often enough. But there are several good examples of it in this book, some of them even of startling excellence. The account of George's *viva voce* examination and the sudden engendering of the fit of petulance which causes him to be plucked is very well done indeed; but this may have lain within the range of Mr. Bennett's own experience. It is by no means equally clear how he came to describe with such marvelous accuracy George's sensations when the Artillery Brigade rode at attention past the Brigadier, each battery giving the 'eyes right' as it passed:

> The marvelous ceremonial slipped rearwards. George was aware of tears in his eyes. He was aware of the sentiment of worship. He felt that he would have done anything, accomplished any deed, died, at the bidding of the motionless figure on the charger. It was most curious.

It is a sensation which every young soldier finds unexpected and astonishing; and Mr. Bennett's description of it is absolute truth.

The New Statesman

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THE DRAMA OF A SOCIALIST SOLDIER

THE record of Frederic Keeling is the record of a tragedy. The tragedy was national, because Keeling was characteristic of the nation which died in battle and won the war for humanity; and the record is a tragedy because the war was won only to be lost again. What Keeling died to save, is being daily trampled underfoot by men who claim to speak in the name of England.

Keeling was not what is called a born hero. He belonged too much to his generation to be that, and his generation was one to which the idea of war was fantastic and impossible. The whole vast world of freedoms lay open to it. It had been emancipated from tradition and convention by the criticism of the generation immediately before it; or rather, it believed that many things had been overthrown merely because they were obscured by the dust of the assault upon them. It was an intensely self-conscious generation, filled with a sense of self-importance by the vastness of the liberties flung at its feet. The gospel of self-assertion was everywhere accepted, either deliberately or implicitly. Life and the world were occasions for experiment, and the failure of the experiment was of little account. Irresponsible and egotistic, it was, nevertheless, a prey to the consciousness of insecurity that comes from over-intellectualizing experience. The discrepancy between impulse and conviction was insistent, and the remedy of enlarging conviction to square with impulse led merely to a mistrust of both. Contempt for the old was not balanced by any capacity to create the new; the desire to act was made sterile by indecision concerning what it was worth while to do. It was a generation which seemed forever to be standing at the cross-roads of life, as rich in promise as it was poor in fulfillment. Of this generation Frederic Keeling, who died at the age of thirty in 1916, was typical. With it, he sought after a sign. A 'queer' character at Winchester, an enthusiastic Fabian at Cambridge, blessed with a sufficiency of unearned increment, he flung himself, like the Russian students of the 'sixties, into the ardors of social service. These letters afford us rich material to construct the anatomy of his being at this time. Obviously the flame of his social passion, though fierce, did not burn very pure. It was rather the accidental outlet of an existing energy than the source of a new one. He longed, in his own repeated words, 'to shift things,' and there was more of the Aristophanic *Weltvernichtungsidee* than of social reconstruction in his desire. He seems to have conceived himself as a kind of primitive Aryan, a natural man, full of 'By God's!' and beer, to whom the achievement of 'joviality' was the crown of human intercourse.

Before he had emerged from this unsatisfactory phase, he married. Since the editor of the book has most wisely made public some of the details of this display of undisciplined energy, we cannot forbear to discuss it, for his actions here most clearly reveal his hardly conscious determination to make his social theories serve his idiosyncrasies. He left his wife almost immediately after his marriage, apparently because she could not supply conversation of the intellectual level which he thought fit to demand. To justify his own action, he proclaimed the theory of promiscuity as a social ideal. But he was un-

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convinced by his own defense. The failure of his marriage obsessed him, and in spite of all his abundant intellectual apologia a sense of his own responsibility tormented him. For a long while there was too much vanity in him for him to confess that he had committed the crime of treating a fellow human being merely as a means. His confession was always framed in general terms. 'I never realized so clearly,' he wrote, 'what an infernally difficult business life is once you abandon some sort of tradition as a guide.' Yet he knew, clearly enough, that his mistake was irremediable. 'My family,' he wrote in March, 1913, 'unfortunately represents my first revolutionary phase.' In other words, it was a marriage in theory, lacking the real substance of reciprocal sacrifice and reciprocal delights. Nothing could be made of it. It was no use as a refuge and a road back into the common life, when the slowly increasing consciousness of his isolation became oppressive. This isolation came with the gradual disintegration of his Socialist ideal. His enthusiasm, like that of many Socialists, had been in the main dictatorial; he had desired to make man happy by Act of Parliament, and he was more interested in the satisfaction of enforcing the Act than in the happiness of the men controlled. They were units, and he was the disposer. This tendency in his mind became most insistent during a solitary period when he was at the head of a Labor Exchange in Leeds. Then he conceived himself as a bureaucrat with an element of Bushido asceticism, the perfect instrument of the omnipotent and unquestioned State. But the religion of Socialism could not sustain him; it could not maintain itself against the realities which he perceived. Socialists, he discovered, were vain and petty like other people; the ordinary people of England existed in their own right, independent of the problematic alchemy of the social revolution. Socialism as a system of material organization was valuable, but it was no longer the object of an enthusiasm. It left out of account the fundamental reality, which was the human soul.

Thus he became aware that he was uprooted. He had lost contact with the human soul; he had suffered his conception of life and his fellow men to be mechanized. His old point of view had been too logical. The fire of his old enthusiasm had had no fuel. It burned out and left him cold. 'There must be some background to it all,' he wrote in June, 1914:

> Nothing supernatural or ecclesiastical — I loathe the degradation of the human spirit by the priest as much as ever I did. I only want something to take the place of what I had as a youth in my dreams of a glorious marching Socialist democracy. I seem to find shimmerings of a substitute in a kind of almost Quakerlike belief in brotherly love apart from any theistic sanction.

This suggestion that brotherly love might be made, in some sort, his religion sprang from the strength of his desire to be of one body with his fellow men. 'I crave,' he wrote in July, 1914, 'above all things to make myself a part of "the social organism" — or whatever one likes to call it — as it is.' The religion of the State as the mechanical bond between men was being superseded in his mind by the religion of the country as an organic bond between them. Before the war broke out he had discovered himself a patriot, because he discovered in himself a profound love of his fellow men. But how was he who had discovered his need of contact to regain it?

To Keeling the war came at first as the god-given answer to his incessant question: What must I do? Enlistment was the opportunity for disci-

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plined service to an ideal which his mind approved. Not that his mind made many difficulties about the cause in the first thrill of complete satisfaction. He was merged in the whole, as he longed to be; the imperious, uncomfortable, incalculable self was lost, now that he was set under an authority which he could not challenge. The very detail of discipline became a delight to him; and more than this, he entered upon a relationship with his fellow men which had hitherto eluded his quest. What Charles Péguy profoundly called *le mystique* of soldiering entered into him. It was a craft, a religion, a voluntary dedication of himself:

> This service has its honor: that its gift
> Bears no equality of recompense.
> It is a solemn covenant, whose end
> Lies in its own fulfillment. There's no force
> Compels their signature: they've freely given
> And freely do receive of wounds and pain.

Therefore, the thought of conscription was abhorrent to him. It diminished his honor as a soldier, and, since the old invincible Adam had come to life in him when the clamor for conscription began to be raised, he now laid stress upon the cause as well as the craft. Liberty could be defended only by free men.

As in the old days he had felt himself subsiding from his revolutionary ardors to acquiescence in the slow advances of Liberalism, so now he found himself a Liberal in the most ideal sense of the word. But in the long agony of the Flanders trenches, with 'nothing special to report' and one man in ten maimed or killed every night in the front line, this faith could not last. Not that he ever despaired of or denied his ideal; his vision of future fraternity and reconciliation became almost painfully acute, and his sense of the almost identical humanity of the German soldier in the trench before him all but intolerable. But vision and belief of this kind could not sustain him. It was the craft and its honor which did that. He refused leave till all the men of his platoon had taken theirs; he refused the soft jobs offered him; he refused a commission many times. The comradeship of the sergeants' mess, the submersion of self in the collective emotion of a regiment, were sufficient, or all but sufficient, to him. Ideals he kept; they were high, and purified by his own ordeal: but he could not continuously keep them present. 'I feel,' he wrote, 'as if my mind were twitching in the effort to clutch at the life of thought.' There were moments when the convulsive effort was too much for him, and he let go all hold on the thought of a better world, and his imagination could conceive nothing fairer than the old world, unaltered but at peace:

> I used to be primarily a reformer. . . . I still am it, *au fond*. But when I dream of *après la guerre*, I do not think at all of the great social problems which will immediately arise. I just think of the world — this good old cheery ball of earth — as a place of exquisite beauty, adventure, joy, love, and experience. I am perfectly content with it as it is. I even love its defects as we almost love the defects of a friend or lover who almost satisfies one. You will not find the man from the trenches is going to hate the German to the order of the politician, and refuse to buy German goods which are obviously preferable to the English product. By God! I can see the scene — before the peace, even during the armistice. The infantrymen will swarm over the parapets of the trenches on both sides and will exchange every damned thing which they can spare off their persons — down to their buttons and hats, and bits of their equipment — for 'souvenirs.'

'Execration,' he wrote at another time, 'is a civilian trade.' If we look for the belief which underlay that conviction, we find that it was not merely that the soldier has a higher code of honor and chivalry than the civilian. For all his

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devotion to the soldier's craft Keeling was too thoroughly aware that he was a soldier for one purpose only to accept such a belief as ultimate. He believed that the real England was in the army, was the army. His faith in the army was a faith in England. The army, created as it was out of the generous impulse of the flower of English manhood, had drained England of her finest force. What was left behind was colorless or alien, neither worthy of nor intelligible to the infantryman. The principal talk of the politician was not to be unworthy of the soldier; the soldier was the judge of the politicians. They were not England. He was. Keeling's faith in this was as transparently simple as it was profoundly true. But only when it is really appreciated is the monstrosity of Mr. Lloyd George's present treachery to the real England manifest in all its baseness.

How base is this treachery appears most nakedly in the clear light of Keeling's spiritual history. A second phase followed the complete submersion of himself in the social body of an army which incorporated all that made England noble and lovely. This phase had been critical. Before it, the roots of Keeling's soul were in danger of starvation. He had gone his own way, trusting in his own energy and confident in his intellectual superiority. He had made intellectual equality his standard of vital relation. He had consorted solely with an *intelligentsia*, and in an overweening conceit had drawn a rigid line of division between the satisfaction of his intellectual and his bodily appetites. His very zeal for reform had been, in essence, no more than the desire for intellectual satisfactions divorced from the sympathy and understanding which alone can give them validity. To him the body politic and individual human beings had been *corpora vilia* for experiment. He had been slowly starving and approaching sterility because — let us say the word openly — he had no love. We are afraid, nowadays, to speak of love. We are afraid to speak of it because we know in our hearts that the breath of the very word will find us naked and shivering before the bar of the conscience which we have trampled down. Keeling had been typical of modern England in many things, but most typical of all in this that he had had no love. And love alone can save the world, and raise humanity above the condition of beasts to whom civilization has brought only a more complex appetite for brutal satisfactions.

Would that we could say Keeling was typical in his subsequent history. He who had had no love sought it and found it. Not consciously, but instinctively, he obeyed the greatest spiritual precept that has been given to mankind. 'He who loseth his life shall save it.' Keeling lost his tyrannous individual life when he subdued his soul to the comradeship of a band of devoted heroes. He was enriched by a new communion, and a generous love And when the second phase began, he had found a faith worthy of himself. The band of heroes was dissolved, wasted, and decimated by the hand of war. He was thrown back upon himself, but upon a self no longer starved and sterile by divorcement from humankind. He wrote in December, 1915:

> I am separated from my battalion now, and even when I am in it the death and departure of the great majority of the men with whom I did my first year's soldiering prevents it from being the same corporate body which it once was for me. It seems no more than a mere necessity trough for shoveling us poor human units into the war machine; and as the idea of it has receded into the background, as a source of vision for making this life worth living, and this work worth doing, the idea of England as a whole takes its place. Religion I have no

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use for; it seems no good in this hell. Vision a man needs, but not shadowy wraiths; his gods must be like the old pagan gods that spring from the realities of the human heart upon the earth. Honor, patriotism, and comradeship are one's best stays. Patriotism we English have, but I think a far less cultivated patriotism than men of some other races. God forbid that we should cultivate it like the Germans. But a man may gain strength from refining and winnowing and treasuring his views of what he means by his country, just as men have undoubtedly gained strength by communing with what they call their God.

These are words so noble, so true, so evidently bearing in themselves the mark of the price paid to acquire the reality which they contain, that an agony of desolation seizes us when we look upon what has come of it all. That a man of Keeling's quality should have been killed to make a triumph for a demagogue whose every action has been an insult to Keeling's faith fills us with such bitterness that we could blaspheme against humanity itself. And Keeling was one of many, distinguished from the others by a gift of vision and expression. But his faith was theirs. He was the priest of their city of souls, and the temple wherein he sacrificed was the Temple of Humanity. A few weeks later (in January, 1916) he wrote:

I do not care for the poem you sent me, because in the bitterness of things out here I have no use for 'God' or for the sentiment that we in our holy righteousness are fighting a nation of brutes. I respect the Germans as soldiers, I sympathize with the poor devil of the German infantryman who goes through the same hell as I do in a bombardment, and I see the German point of view about the Lusitania, the Cavell business, and other matters too clearly to feel any sympathy for the yap, yap, yap of the press about these things. I am out to do my bit towards the inflicting as much as possible of a military defeat on the Germans. I am not interested in exaggerating their infamy. If it were a question of being deceived into believing them either better or worse than they are, I would choose the former alternative. Why? Because no conceivable good can be done to mankind at large by exaggerating the infamy of any nation. And speaking as a man face to face with the chances of death, I can honestly say that humanity and England's contribution to the Temple of Humanity are the only ideal conceptions for which I have any use.

'England's contribution to the Temple of Humanity' — that was Keeling's faith, as it was that of a hundred thousand others like him. And now the omens are that England's contribution will have been only their lives. 'Hang the Kaiser!' 'Make the Hun pay!' The malignant irony of it all!

Keeling was killed on August 18, 1916. A future generation will read his letters side by side with the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George; and it will be overwhelmed by a sense of pity and wonder that such a sacrifice could have been made to such an end. To us who stand so near the event the calm which is necessary to pity and wonder is denied. It may be that in the whirligig of time we shall find our way back again to that faith in England which has been taken from us. But one thing is certain: to those of Keeling's wayward, generous, martyred generation who survive, faith in England will not be what it was. The bright shield has been tarnished. But the future may learn from Keeling's letters how bright it was, and how bright it could have been maintained if the England of the heroes and the martyrs had not been betrayed by her demagogues. 'These ranters and intriguers,' wrote Keeling in November, 1915, 'seem to me simply a scum floating above the natures of all these types, that do stand for something real in England.' Must it be that after three years only the scum remains?

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GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

THERE has lately appeared an admirable translation by Mrs. Devonshire of M. Emile Faguet's monograph on Flaubert, the great romantic realist or realistic romantic, whichever you choose to call him. Outside its masterly characterization of a figure unique in literary fiction, the study raises the whole question of what 'realism' and 'romanticism' actually mean. Though its analysis both of personality and *métier* is not, we think, without some ambiguities and omissions, it remains, like all Faguet's creative criticism, a model of penetrative suggestion and lucid style. Everything that he has to say on style is authoritative. Not everything, however, that he says about realism and the like compels assent. For the term 'realism,' like so many other ear-satisfying abstracts, is too vague and wide for precision. As a rule, those artists are called realists who do not show their temperament in their works. In one sense all great artists, whatever their materials, are realists. They realize their world, making it vivid, visible, and audible, whether it be the world of yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, or of those mid-regions known as ideas, and whether they do so by temperament or without it. Who has realized Hellenism more than Keats, though he is so absolutely un-Hellenic in method? Who calls him a realist? But the fact is that 'realism' is used more of material than of the means to express it. The *genre*-painters of literature are all styled realists, though they differ quite as much as De Hoogh does from Teniers or Terberg from Mieris. Fielding is a realist both in matter and manner, but the sentimental Richardson is a realist also; he does not pursue beauty. Is Dickens a realist because he deals with the ordinary world in an extraordinary manner? Is Thackeray not a realist because he romanticizes the familiar? We have not to ask whether Flaubert was the first realist in French fiction (and he was not in face of Le Sage), but what kind of a realist he was. The answer is that Flaubert — the son, be it marked, of a surgeon — was a great, an artistic Naturalist. He operated on human nature, and in the dissecting room of his mind all characters were symptoms. Born the most self-conscious and self-centred of men, he yet — or perhaps therefore — became the least self-conscious of artists. He expressly repudiated any intrusion of personal moods into the realm of his art, and in this — the objective sense — he relates himself — though most modernly divergent — to the old Greek outlook. So, oddly enough, does Baudelaire, the poet of pessimism. But, being so sensitively self-conscious, he also belonged to the subjective world, the world that realizes not 'I' but 'it,' the inner world of the Bible, and, in its truest sense, of impressionism. Self-banned from introducing himself into his creations, he sought as a relief in alternate books to project himself into an alien atmosphere.

His affinities were Oriental — he was the pine-tree dreaming of the palm — and so he escaped into the grandiose or exotic atmosphere of *Salammbô*, or of *The Temptation of St. Anthony*. But while now and again he exhaled himself into the glow of the East, he handled the West coldly and scientifically, and though he loved the one, he was more at ease in the other, which

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he had trained himself to like. The bias only occasionally indulged in, the warm Oriental side of him, Faguet calls romanticism. Here again we make bold to dissent. The Romantic is concerned not with material, but with method. It involves a treatment proceeding neither by register nor rule, but by associative sensations — the way in which the scent recalls the flower, the tune the scene, the sound in a shell the sea; such was not Flaubert's medium. He handled themes the most remote and romantic (though with far intenser colors) as he handled the average daily life around him — as a vent for the evasion or suppression of the importunate, impenitent self which tortured him. Always minute in his calculated strokes, he here elaborated without freedom that which artistically demands intuitive largeness and unfettered fantasy. Thus, for all their sombre splendor and ruminative research, these excursions of his became a colossal bore, as a bizarre naturalism almost always must. No doubt he had a romantic vein, but it was submerged in the realism against which it protested. What enlists sympathy in his historical fantasies is the style, both when he describes and when he psychologizes. Here once more he strove to escape from himself, for he was not naturally a stylist — as his correspondence shows — any more than Sterne when he wrote his sloppy *Journal to Eliza*.

Through supreme effort Flaubert became a supreme stylist, nor must it be forgotten by English readers that, where Flaubert is least interesting, the perfection of the style interests a Frenchman most. Flaubert attained this height of expression — this justness of word and gesture — by reading his compositions aloud to himself and making the rhythm beat time to his thoughts and feelings. Perhaps Sterne — the opposite pole in the literary firmament — did the same. You can be a realist with a sentimental irony, as was Thackeray, or a romantic with a realist's touch, as was Scott. The style of Flaubert is otherwise. It has the restraint, the ring, the terseness and plastic perfection of the Greek Anthology. Yet by nature Flaubert was a shy misanthrope, a pagan hermit, and he turned — as no Greek would have turned — to the ugliness and folly, the rags and tatters around him, whether in the neighborhood of his birthplace near Dieppe or in the Paris which he was to startle more than to charm. But, as he confessed, Flaubert was both a child and a barbarian. 'I am a Barbarian,' he wrote, when he quarreled with his best friend Du Camp; 'I have a Barbarian's muscular apathy, nervous language, green eyes and tall stature. But I also have a Barbarian's impulses . . . obstinacy and irascibility. . . . Du Camp has written me a *kind* and sorrowful letter. I have sent him another from the same cask of vinegar. . . . I think he will for some time feel giddy from the blow and leave me alone. I am very good-natured up to a certain point — the frontiers of my liberty which are not to be overstepped. . . . As he told me that we owed something to others, that we should help each other, I expressed my complete indifference . . . and I added: "Others will do without my lights, and all that I ask in return is that they should not asphyxiate me with their candles."' After this we can understand that it was only in scientific calm that he could treat with human nature, also that the explosive element which flared up so soon as he was brought into living contact took refuge in the glowing whirl of Carthage, beset by the Barbarians and the mysticism of Salammbô's girdle, or the sands of the Thebaid with an isolated St. Anthony for the central figure.

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After all, it is through *Madame Bovary*, with its petty, provincial setting, that Flaubert is immortal, for there he found at once the finest outlet for his genius and the safest shelter from his passions. *Salammbô* — in one aspect an archæological museum, in another, a gorgeous overcrowded antiquarian ballet — was the result of that visit to the East which realized Flaubert's temperament but contradicted his art. *The Temptation of St. Anthony* — a more spiritual ballet — is on the austerer side of the same mood. But *Madame Bovary*, as in a less degree *The Sentimental Education*, shows him in tense seclusion with the microscope applied to his province. Of *The Three Stories*, two — *The Legend of the Knight of St. John* and *Herodias* — are akin, though in, as it were, the miniature of a stained-glass window, to *St. Anthony* and *Salammbô;* while *The Story of the Simple Heart*, that of an old maid and her parrot, fails to convince us. But *Madame Bovary* is a masterpiece far transcending Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* in its pitiless yet pathetic precision. It is neither immoral nor moral. It neither mocks nor preaches. It is no mere artistic record, still less the photography of Zola. It outdoes Balzac on his own ground, because its ten characters are never confused and never types. And just as Don Quixote makes us sympathize with the sentimentality which it assails, so Madame Bovary herself, the victim of Sand's sentimentalism, makes us sympathize with the very element which proves her downfall. Who does not know the tragedy of Emma's gradual descent, the catastrophe of her climax? Contrasted with the simpering *Lady of the Camelias*, the book stands as Hogarth does to Greuze. Faguet goes so far as to say that the heroine is the most complete woman's portrait in the whole of literature, including Shakespeare and Balzac. Surely he is right, for, as Faguet again puts it, we get the itinerary, not the inventory, of a soul. Homais, too, is unsurpassable of his kind, and all the persons of that tragedy make an appeal so intimate — even when they belong to the 'sad-grotesque' — that they become part of our abiding consciousness. Perhaps the most wonderful of all its passages is that about Emma's dreams, when the dull, undisillusioned husband returns to find her sleeping: 'Emma, was not asleep; she pretended to be; and while he fell asleep at her side, she awoke to other dreams. She was being carried away by four galloping horses . . . towards a new country, whence they [she and her lover] would never return. They went, their arms locked, without speaking. Often from the summit of a mountain, they suddenly perceived some splendid city with domes, bridges, forests, ships, forests of lemon trees, and white marble cathedrals with storks' nests in their pointed steeples. The horses went slowly because of the slippery marble pavement, and on the ground lay bunches of flowers, which were offered by women dressed in red corselets. . . . However, in the immensity of this future which she evoked nothing particularly emerged; the days, all of them magnificent, were like waves, and the whole swung gently on the horizon, infinite, harmonious. . . .'

We have no space for Flaubert's last effort *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, the tale of a doubled individuality in differing environment — the last cynicism of this 'Unfrocked Romantic,' as Heine once called himself. At any rate, with all drawbacks, Flaubert is perhaps the most distinguished instance of applying Moliére's test to the portrayal of life:

> Je veux que l'on soit homme et que dans toute rencontre
> Le fond de notre coeur dans nos discours se montre.

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THE OPIUM HOUND

PHILIP is a solicitor whose solicitations are confined to Hongkong and the Far East generally. Just now he is also a special constable, for the duration. He is other things as well, but the above should serve as a general introduction.

In his capacity as special constable he keeps an eagle eye upon the departing river steamers and the passengers purposing to travel in them, his idea being to detect them in the act of attempting to export opium without a permit, one of the deadly sins.

A little while ago Philip came into the possession of a dog of doubtful ancestry and antecedents, but reputed to be intelligent. It was called 'Little Willie' because of its marked tendency to the predatory habit. His other leading characteristic was an inordinate craving for Punter's 'Freak' biscuits.

One day Philip had a brain-wave. 'I will teach Little Willie,' he said, 'to smell out opium concealed in passengers' luggage, and I shall acquire merit and the Superintendent of Imports and Exports will acquire opium.' So he borrowed some opium from that official and concealed it about the house and in his office, and by-and-by what was required of him seemed to dawn on Little Willie, and every time he found a *cache* of the drug he was rewarded with a Punter's 'Freak' biscuit.

At last his education was pronounced to be complete and Philip marched proudly down to the Canton wharf with the Opium Hound. There was a queue of passengers waiting to be allowed on board, and the ceremony of the examination of their baggage was going on. Little Willie was invited to take a hand, which he did in a rather perfunctory way, without any real interest in the proceedings. Indeed, his attention wandered to the doings of certain disreputable friends of his who had come down to the wharf in a spirit of curiosity, and Philip had to recall him to the matter in hand.

On a sudden a wonderful change came over the Opium Hound. A highly respectable old lady of the *amah* or domestic servant class came confidently along, carrying the customary round, lacquered wooden box, a neat bundle, and a huge umbrella. She was followed by a ragged coolie bearing a plethoric basket, lashed with a stout rope, but bulging in all directions. Little Willie sniffed once at the basket and stiffened. 'Good dog,' said Philip; 'is that opium you have found?' The hound's tail wagged furiously, and he scratched at the basket in a paroxysm of excitement. The coolie dropped it and ran away. The *amah* waxed voluble and attacked Little Willie with the family umbrella. The hound grew more and more enthusiastic for the quest. Philip issued the fiat, 'Open that basket, it contains opium,' and struck an attitude.

The basket was solemnly unlashed amid the *amah's* shrill expostulations, and the contents soon flowed out upon the floor of the examination hut. There was the usual conglomeration: Two pairs working trousers (blue cotton), two ditto jackets to match, one suit silk brocade for high days and holidays, two white aprons, three pairs Chinese shoes, three and a half pairs of Mississy's silk stockings, several mysterious under-garments (from the same source); one cigarette tin containing sewing materials, buttons of all sorts

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and sizes, nine empty cotton-reels, three spools from a sewing machine, one pair nail scissors (broken); one cigar box containing several yards of tape (varying widths), cuttings of many different materials, one button-hook, one tin-opener and corkscrew combined, one silver thimble, one ditto (horn), one Chinese pipe; one packet of tea, one ditto sugar, one tin condensed milk (unopened), half a loaf of bread (very stale), two empty medicine bottles — but no opium!

Little Willie was nearly delirious by this time, and tried to get into the basket, which was now all but empty. The search continued, and two rolls of material were lifted out: five and a quarter yards of white calico and three yards of pink silk. This exposed the bottom of the basket, where lay a tin! Ah, the opium at last. Philip stepped forward and prized off the lid triumphantly.

The contents consisted solely of Punter's 'Freak' biscuits.

Little Willie has been dismissed from his position as Opium Sleuth-hound.

Punch

NIGHTFALL

BY SYLVIA LYND

THE church bells make their tumbling song,
And swiftly now the shadows grow
The quiet field among.

Five little poplars in a row
Stripe with long shadows half the weald,
The elm-tree shadows glow,

Like streams till all the vale is filled —
Talk of the rooks is not yet done
And there the first bat wheeled.

Behind the beechwood the red sun
Burns on the ground, a woodman's fire,
And suddenly is gone.

Yet touched with gold are roof and spire,
And the young corn is lucent still,
And higher, ever higher.

The small clouds hold the light, until
Dusk draws its azure through the air —
The long shape of the hill,

Against the west seems sleeping there:
This is earth's pure and gentle hour —
With darkening fields men share

Peace, like the closing of a flower.

Land and Water

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

IS GERMANY BANKRUPT?

THE GERMAN DEBT

OUR war bill works out as follows:

War credits.....	150,000,000,000	Marks
Pensions, etc.....	75,000,000,000	"
Transition expense	25,000,000,000	"
Indemnities to Belgium and France	50,000,000,000	"
Compensation for U-boat ravages.	10,000,000,000	"
Total.....	310,000,000,000	"

This sum of 310,000,000,000 Marks, which may possibly fall to 300,000,000,000 Marks or increase to 325,000,000,000 Marks, represents the burden of debt bequeathed to Germany by the war. It will demand an annual payment of interest amounting to 15,000,000,000 Marks, which represents between two fifths and one half of Germany's entire revenue before the war, and the capitalization of this interest is not very far below the sum of 400,000,000,000 Marks, the entire national wealth of the country before the war. It will be necessary, therefore, either to increase Germany's annual revenue by 15,000,000,000 Marks or to decrease her expenditure by a like amount. There is yet a third possibility, namely, that of decreasing the capitalized debt by prudent measures to such an extent that the burden of interest may be sensibly diminished and the country's finances may be capable of paying the interest remaining, with revenue and expenditure maintained at their old level.

To attain this last possibility one of two methods may be resorted to. The first, which is crude, and, so to speak, immoral, is that of a so-called State bankruptcy, which means that the State would either cease paying interest and cancel the loans or would reduce the rate of interest to a mere fraction of that originally promised. By this means Germany would at a stroke be freed of one half of her liabilities. But such a step would be a monstrous injustice to those citizens who have helped to finance the war by their subscriptions to the loans, and would run counter to all the promises and assurances given to subscribers not only by the old but also by the new Socialist Government.

The second method is that of introducing drastic taxation of war profits, property, inheritance, and income. In *Freiheit*, the organ of the Independent Social Democrats, it has been reckoned that such taxation, pressed to the verge of confiscation of property, and embracing large incomes and properties on a progressive scale, would yield, not at once, but by degrees, 150,000,000,000 Marks. The imposition of such stringent taxation on private capital would not necessarily result in reducing perceptibly the efficiency of private enterprise and capitalistic production, for if the Government used the money thus obtained for the repayment of the war loans it would flow back into the purses of the public. It has frequently been suggested in Socialist quarters that the Government should not use the whole of the revenue from taxation for the redemption of war debts, but employ part of it in establishing paying businesses, in acquiring or obtaining a

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share of the means of production in order thereby to meet the cost of the payment of interest and in addition to obtain a preponderating influence on production. This is tantamount to nationalization or socialization, which can be brought about indirectly by the stiff taxation of capital, but also directly by the commandeering of the means of production.

With regard to another possibility, namely, that of increasing the national revenue, the crudest method of accomplishing this would be for such high taxes to be imposed upon the goods to be sold by the producers that the Government would be able to pay all the interest owed. This would mean that the cost of production would be increased by the entire sum of the taxes, and the selling price would be raised accordingly. Such a course, however, would not only be opposed to sound social policy, but would diminish consumption and purchasing capacity at home and lessen the sale possibilities of German goods abroad, which in turn would be a check on German exports, and consequently on German imports, which can only be paid for by exports. A country as poor in raw materials as Germany cannot exist without exports, consequently the system of increasing revenue by heavy taxation and enhanced prices can only be adopted to a very limited extent. A far better method would be that of increasing the efficiency of the economic system by improved production. All concerns working at a loss must be eliminated, the cost of transport must be reduced to a minimum, and the highest possible yield must be obtained with the lowest possible outlay by concentrating and systematizing business concerns. Increased revenue and decreased expenditure would then be available for the payment of interest, so far as they were not required for increased wages for labor. Whether this increased economy of working is to be obtained from nationalization of the means of production or by means of State-controlled syndicates of private business concerns is difficult to determine.

The method just described of increasing revenue is closely connected with the decrease of expenditure. It will be necessary to reduce not only the costs of production but also consumption. The average citizen will not be able to spend as much as formerly on material objects, but will have to keep back a far larger portion of his income for the payment of taxes. In practice it will be found that neither of the methods described can be adopted exclusively, but that the financial policy of the future will be a judicious mixture of all three systems, which will eliminate the disadvantages and make full use of the advantages of each.

Weltwirtschaftszeitung

CAPITAL TAXATION IN GERMANY

BY FRANZ EULENBERG

THE adhesion of German-Austria makes it necessary for Germany to assume responsibility for that country's debts. It should be borne in mind that any future regulation of the country's finances will be based upon the principle of private ownership, which means that hereditary succession and private property will still exist. It may be regarded as certain that any German Government will recognize liabilities and will see that steps are taken to pay interest and to redeem debts. This is true even of a Socialist Government, as has been expressly acknowledged. The subscribers to the war loans were largely middle class people and persons of small resources, *e.g.*, workmen, widows, and officials, peasants and

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small shopkeepers, whom it would be impossible to leave in the lurch. Germany's position and credit abroad would be endangered for all time if she failed to recognize the validity of her war loans. The fear that, like Russia, Germany may cancel all her debts need not be entertained, but the payment of interest on them and their redemption will most certainly be a serious problem for any future government.

The question arises whether it would be wiser to shift the burden of debt on to the shoulders of future generations or to attempt to redeem at any rate a portion of them by a levy on capital. Popular opinion is decidedly in favor of the latter course, especially as vast accumulations of capital have resulted from the profits made in the war, which represent an unhealthy development and have swollen to an extraordinary extent the ranks of persons with private means. Numerous suggestions have been made with regard to the levy on capital, and it has not yet been possible to arrive at a universal agreement. It is necessary to lay stress upon one fact: Germany's war debts do not alone consist of the nine war loans totaling some 100,000,000,000 Marks, but are considerably larger in that they also comprise the so-called floating debts in the shape of Treasury bonds issued by the Imperial Exchequer, and discounted by the Reichsbank; up to the end of October last they amounted to 22,000,000,000 Marks. This sum may be considerably increased by the issue of a new loan and by the large expenses of demobilization. In comparison with this sum the stock of commercial bills is insignificant. They are counterbalanced by the large amount of paper money in circulation. The last Reichsbank report admitted the existence of bank notes for 16,000,000,000 F. Marks and loan vouchers for 12,600,000,000 Marks, *i.e.*, a total of 29,000,000,000 Marks in Government paper money. To this sum must be added the vast quantities of paper money issued by municipalities and provinces which is in no way covered and will have to be redeemed. Since Germany's normal requirement of bank notes may be estimated at 6,000,000,000 to 7,000,000,000 Marks, some 25,000,000,000 Marks, corresponding to the amount of the Treasury notes, must be regarded as superfluous. This vast sum in paper must disappear if Germany is to return to a sound currency and sensible prices. There can be no doubt that this system of paper money must result in an inflation of prices. Every effort must be made to redeem this paper money. Even then there is a considerable amount of floating debt in the shape of ledger claims on the part of the war industries. They, too, must be met, as otherwise the wages paid from them would not be covered and the banks would be so much the weaker. The total amount of this floating debt not covered by loans may be put down at 40,000,000,000 Marks.

It is no use saying that in future more Treasury bonds could be lent by owners of money and discounted by the Reichsbank. There must be an end to that procedure. After the war money will cease to be liquid when economic activities have recommenced. Building will begin again, demanding money and capital; the businesses which have been closed down must be reopened; money will be wanted for vast quantities of raw materials, and agriculture will need money for reconstruction. Money was idle and could be employed for short term investments only because all work of this kind was interrupted. It will be quite impossible to cover a floating debt of 40,000,000,000 Marks by the issue of a new loan. In the first place, during the war Germany

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was hardly able to raise from 20,000,000,000 to 25,000,000,000 Marks annually by loans, and that at a time when money was depreciated and the surplus amounts of it were in consequence large. It would be impossible in peace time to issue a loan retrospective in action, and, on the other hand, loans for prospective purposes will be required to an extraordinarily large extent by the Imperial Exchequer for the relief of the war-disabled, by the Federal States for repairing the means of communication and for relief funds, and by the municipalities for large expenditure on hygiene and education. The claims, too, of industry, which will be very large, must not be forgotten, and also of German foreign trade and shipping, which will need much capital.

It will, therefore, be necessary to find some other method of redeeming the floating debts, and in my opinion a levy on capital will be absolutely necessary.

Der Welthandel

OBJECTIONS TO A LEVY

BY GEORG BERNHARD

A LEVY on capital to any considerable amount, even if it only affected reserve funds, would lower the capacity of production of all undertakings carried on in the form of joint stock companies, and have a restrictive effect on the entire economic system. It has already been pointed out that, in making the levy, procedure would have to vary according as the capital involved was 'mobile' or 'immobile,' and according as the latter consisted of real estate in the country or in towns. The effect of expropriation of real estate in the country or of registering a mortgage on it is not very great. Apart from the rare cases of enlargement of a new property, the area of the ground actually available for agricultural properties does not change. The great increase in capital which has taken place in the last few decades and during the war becomes apparent in the increase of price and value, but in this case the increase of capital only exists on paper. Under the influence of the low rate of interest on mortgages observable until shortly before the war, the value of agricultural property actually increased by the considerable rise in rents. But if now a large portion of the property is taken away in the shape of a levy on capital, and applied to present settlements, that is actually advantageous to the country's finances, for while, on the one hand, the revenue derived from a large estate is diminished, on the other hand, new sources of revenue are created. Again, since in this way the property owner is induced to employ more rational methods of farming than heretofore, and, on the other hand, the non-property owner may be able to obtain a considerable income by acquiring machinery by means of coöperative societies and by coöperation on similar lines, the entire revenue obtained from the same area may, perhaps, be larger than before.

The case is entirely different with a levy on 'mobile' securities, for although in this case also the increase of capital is frequently due to an enhancement of values already existing, as a rule the newly created capital makes its appearance in the shape of new investments. The capitalistic development of the national finances is based, to by far the greatest extent, on the fact that the profits from business and commerce and the investments of the interest on large fortunes become new capital in some form or other so far as they exceed the amount required by the capital owner for his own consumption. The man of private means and the banker invest their superfluous funds

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in new mortgages, in newly built houses, in new debentures or new shares. The business man extends the credit he allows, and the manufacturer, with that part of the profits of his factories that he does not consume, creates new capital in the shape of new machinery and new buildings. If, then, a very considerable part of this capital is taken away from its owner, the growth of capital is checked, and with it the possibility of any extension of industry and trade, and at the same time a heavy blow is struck at the producing capacity of the nation.

It must again be pointed out that the producing capacity of capital from the standpoint of economics is by no means only technical, but also in most cases capitalistic in its nature. For the provision of new machinery, and especially the extended application of new processes and also the speedy changes necessary in the case of new costly methods of production, demand unlimited possibilities in the way of providing the requisite funds. As has been mentioned above, a part of the strength of the German economic system rests upon the unemployed reserve funds of joint stock companies. If it were worth while making a costly experiment, it would be easy to take the money for it from these reserves. Since machinery is entered at a low value in the company's accounts it would be easy, if a new machine were suddenly invented which would increase the producing capacity of the company's business, to install new machines with the funds thus available at the risk of being able only to obtain the price of scrap iron for the old ones. This would be true, of course, not only of joint stock companies, but of well-managed private undertakings, since the owner of a private business concern who conducts his business from the same standpoint would be able from his increased capital to afford anything which might serve to improve his business. If he had no large unemployed reserves at his disposal he could, given that his business was well managed, borrow the necessary funds. It would, of course, be easiest to obtain such funds in the case of joint stock companies, since they could increase their capital at will. Billions of Marks were available in the investment market; indeed, before the war such available capital was reckoned at 12,000,000,000 Marks. Even when, in many years, the German economic system required a somewhat larger sum the banks were in a position to make advances by diverting from the gigantic sums which flowed into their safes during the year and investing that part which would not be required back from them for a considerable time. This procedure on the part of the banks, which frequently gave rise to serious objections, was quite usual at the end of the last century and for some years later.

This permanent increase of lasting investments in Germany had its disadvantages. But taking it as a whole, one very great advantage accrued, for by extending the credit of the banks and by investing capital in new shares, German industries were aided in permanently extending the market in foreign countries. By this means the industries were able to offer ample opportunities of labor to the increased population and at the same time aided the efforts of social policy whose benefits the German laboring classes were able to enjoy even before the war.

It is obvious that at the moment when important portions of capital are taken away the situation is largely altered. It would be impossible to justify the objection which has often been raised that it actually is a matter of indifference if, for example, the share in the Harpen Mines formerly belonging

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to Mr. X is taken from him and transferred to the National Exchequer, for the position of the Harpen Company *per se* would not be thereby affected. That is true; but supposing the Company wished to increase its capital in the near future, that part of the increased capital sum which was always available is lacking for the purpose of covering the proposed increase. Assuming that the entire private capital available before the war amounted to 250,000,000,000 Marks and that some 10,000,000,000 Marks accrued in a year as the increase of this capital, if now a round 60,000,000,000 Marks was taken away, then automatically the remaining increase over and above the amount required for consumption would certainly be reduced by 5,000,000,000 Marks. At the same time, the influx of new capital into the investment market would be sensibly reduced.

Plutus

THE FUTURE OF TROPICAL PRODUCTS

THE tropical plantation industry, including rubber, tea, coffee, and copra, has been more interfered with and handicapped by war conditions and restrictions than any of the important branches of the Empire's trade. Clearly, therefore, a new and much more satisfactory era commences with the ending of the war. Already war risk insurance, which latterly, and especially in regard to rubber, had added substantially to all-in costs, has practically disappeared. Then as to the shortage of freight, which has been the root of the troubles and the principal cause of the serious curtailment of imports into America and Europe, a steady alteration and ultimately complete reversal of conditions can be reckoned upon. In well-informed quarters sufficient tonnage for general commerce is considered likely to be available within six months provided no serious upheaval recurs on the Continent. That may seem an unduly optimistic view to the less well-informed, though consideration of the factors seems to warrant its acceptance as a reasonable estimate of the probabilities. In the first place, ships to the East can make two trips in the time of one by passing through the Mediterranean instead of round the Cape; and, secondly, neutral and enemy ships are now set free. It is true that the greater part of Europe has to be supplied with food, and the armies with their equipment have to be brought home.

Hence, while for a short time tropical plantation produce will not have all the shipping necessary for the pre-war cheap rate of carriage to markets, the prospect is a very reassuring one, and the outlook for the rubber industry much improved. Rubber, after falling to under 1*s.* per pound in Singapore a month or two ago, has now recovered to 1*s.* 8*d.* per pound f.o.b., which is equivalent to nearly 2*s.* per pound in London. Coffee, which at times during the past two or three years has been unsalable in the East and required to be stored in large quantities, has come into demand again. Tea, which under Government control has been bought from producers at barely remunerative prices, and sold to consumers at inflated values, will doubtless soon be released from Government control, and find a free market in view of the world-wide shortage of stocks. Copra, the product of the cocoanut, used so largely in margarine manufacture, has throughout the last three years had to be sold in the East practically without profit to the growers, and they would seem likely to benefit as much, if not quite so soon, as the growers of other tropical produce, from the return of normal shipping conditions.

The Statist

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TALK OF EUROPE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THIS letter, published under the heading, 'By an Old Friend,' has appeared in the *London Times*.

Theodore Roosevelt possessed, to a unique degree, the genius of human friendship. Only those who were honored with his intimacy knew the depth and delicacy of his sympathies and the swift intuition of his understanding in times of stress or trouble. He radiated and inspired among his friends a rare and abiding affection, while in public he drew the devotion of millions to a degree attained by few leaders of men. Like all strong fighters, he hit hard, and when battling for the right, as he saw it, he neither asked nor gave quarter. It has been said, with truth, that Americans could be divided into two classes: those who worshiped Roosevelt and those who hated him; none were ever indifferent!

The most typical American of his time, and almost pugnaciously patriotic, he was also a broad-minded citizen of the civilized world at large. His own country always came first, but, after it, the British Empire and British ideals had no more convinced, stanch, and powerful friend than Theodore Roosevelt. More than any man or other agency he was responsible for arousing and voicing the fighting conscience of the American people and for bringing them into the war. To him the Allies owe a debt that is only beginning to be realized.

Enduring stoically, and keeping even from his friends, a succession of crippling and painful illnesses during the past two years, he spent all his remaining health and force in preaching the Allied cause, and gave all he possessed to it. He lived to see it triumph, and though no man loved life more, or had more to live for, he scorned to spare himself, and died a war casualty, just as truly as any soldier who fell in battle. The following passages from his latest book, *The Great Adventure*, seem almost prophetic now and sum up his fighting creed:

'The leader for the time being is but an instrument to be used until broken, and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt, he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit, in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness, the watchword for us all is "Spend and be spent."'

And again:

'In America to-day all our people are summoned to service and to sacrifice. But all of us who give service, and stand ready for sacrifice, are the torch bearers. We run with the torches until we fall, content if we can then pass them to the hands of other runners.'

In the hour of victory he has fallen, battling to the last, and suddenly, as he would have wished, but the torch which he has handed on will light the feet and the hearts of his fellow countrymen for generations yet to come. Neither they nor we shall see his like again.

L. of F.

MACKENSEN'S ARREST

THE *Petit Parisien* publishes the following particulars in regard to the circumstances which led to the arrest of Field Marshal von Mackensen.

The interned Field Marshal had given his word of honor not to make his escape, but information was obtained to the effect that he was preparing for flight on December 31, and that his luggage had been sent off the day before. Colonel Vix, head of the Allied Military Mission at Budapest, having fruitlessly called upon the Hungarian Government to provide guaranties for the Field Marshal's internment, determined to take action himself.

At 3 A.M. a body of Moroccan Spahis arrived at Budapest, and by 8 A.M. Foth Castle was surrounded by them. Mackensen burst into a violent rage and refused to receive Colonel Vix, but the latter main-

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tained a firm attitude, and the Field Marshal presently had him admitted. Colonel Vix, addressing the Field Marshal, said: 'I have been given orders to ascertain the fact of your presence. My mission has been accomplished. I shall withdraw.' Mackensen replied: 'I protest against this arrest. I placed myself in the hands of the Hungarian Government, not of the Allies.' Continuing, he asked: 'Would you use force to prevent me from leaving?' The Colonel replied that he had orders to guard him, and that all the men on guard were there for that purpose.

In the course of the day the Field Marshal dispatched a vehement protest to the Hungarian Government, which in its turn addressed a protest to the Allies, who, however, pointed out that the Field Marshal had not fulfilled a single clause of his act of surrender. After some hesitation the Hungarian Government agreed to the transference of the Field Marshal to Neusatz under a guard provided by the Franco-Serbian army. At 7 P.M. Colonel Vix notified the Field Marshal of this decision, and on his attempting to dispute the validity of the order, gave him ten minutes in which to get ready. At the Field Marshal's request this time limit was, however, extended to half an hour.

Eventually, at 7.30 P.M., the Field Marshal and his orderly officers took their seats in motor cars under guard of the French officers in command of the Spahis and proceeded to Goedele railway station. Arrived there, Field Marshal von Mackensen, having ceremoniously saluted the French officers, entered the train which awaited him and in which dinner was at once served to him in a restaurant car placed exclusively at the disposal of himself and his companions. The Field Marshal expressed his appreciation of the consideration shown for him, saying that it was 'an example of real French courtesy.' He arrived at Neusatz at 9 A.M. next day, and was interned in a castle in the neighborhood of the town, where he is under a military guard.

REOPENING THE LOUVRE

WORD comes that the Louvre, which has been closed to the public, with the exception of a very small portion of the galleries, for nearly four and a half years, has been reopened.

In August, 1914, when the Germans were making their first mad drive on Paris, the greater part of the most valued treasures were hastily removed to safety and eventually placed on exhibition in Toulouse, Blois, and other cities far removed from danger. What this removal meant may be judged from the fact that no fewer than two thousand five hundred of the best pictures had to be hurriedly but carefully packed and got away southwards almost under the enemy's nose. Of all the priceless statuary the Venus of Milo alone could be removed, and this incomparable work, handled with infinite care, had a whole railway wagon devoted to its transport. As for the remainder of the antiques and other statues, there was only time to place them in comparative safety against air raids in those parts of the vaults of the Louvre where the overhead structure was thickest.

It will be some months before all the galleries are completely rearranged. Not only is there extensive cleaning and other work to be carried out, but room has to be found for the remarkably large number of new works with which the Louvre has been enriched during the war. Among these are the collections of the Marquise Arconati and Baron Schlichting, while the Fine Arts Department has bought a large number of drawings and sketches from the Haseltine collection, and has received numerous important gifts, for all of which places must be found. Simultaneously with its plans for the reopening of the Louvre the Fine Arts Department has the task of preparing accommodation for the Salons of 1919. The Grand Palais, where both Salons — that of the Société Nationale de Beaux Arts and that of the Société des Artistes Français — are usually held between the middle of April and the end of June, has been utilized as a hospital throughout the war. It is hoped, however, that the time has now come when the work done here may be distributed among other Paris institutions, and the great Exhibition building may be handed over to the artists again in the coming spring.

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FAREWELL TO RATIONS!

THE Ministry of Food announces that the new ration books will probably be the last. Fifteen weeks hence we shall be able to order — if not to obtain — beef, mutton, sugar, butter, and lard to our hearts' content. It is the Ministry's business, and not ours, to survey the food situation and decide upon the moment when a cessation of rationing will be both possible and desirable. The presumption is that the relief to transport owing to the cessation of the war in general, and submarine warfare in particular, has been so great that enough food is in sight to enable every citizen of these islands to obtain as much of the essential foods as he can pay for. Whether fixed prices are to cease when rationing ceases 'deponent sayeth not'; the two things do not necessarily go together. Now that the end is in sight, we feel it our duty to congratulate the Ministry — which, in Lord Rhondda and Mr. Clynes, has had two remarkably efficient chiefs — upon succeeding in a task which a great many people diagnosed as impossible of achievement. When we began rationing here we were faced with the undoubted failure of the German system both in Germany and in the occupied territories. We had heard that the German rich were still, though at prodigious prices, obtaining as much food as they wanted, and that the poor were totally unable to obtain many of the necessaries of life. We had also heard that forgery of food tickets had been carried on on a prodigious scale. We now know that some of the German forgery was done by our own enterprising war departments, in conjunction with our own gallant airmen; but there was a great margin of fraudulent printing over and above everything done by us. Nevertheless, although those who were still under the delusion that Germans were at once more efficient and more honest than ourselves did not believe it could be done, we succeeded where Germany failed. Two things were necessary: (1) to make every citizen entitled, in the most democratic way, to any equal share in those necessities of life of which we were short, and (2) to insure that we fixed our quantities so that everybody would not be merely entitled to the food, but would be able to get it. In spite of the great difficulties, the Ministry succeeded in both regards; and though such 'measures of interference' may never arouse delirious enthusiasm, we can sincerely say that the Food Ministry and its regulations have incurred less unpopularity and caused less irritation than we should have deemed possible. The public is grateful to everybody concerned.

THE QUESTION OF SANTA SOPHIA

PROFESSOR SOTERIÁDES expressed the strong and unanimous desire of all Greeks that, whatever might be the fate of Constantinople, a city which, with its suburbs, contains, according to official Greek figures, 364,459 Greeks and 237 Greek schools, as against 449,114 Turks, 159,193 Armenians, 46,521 Jews, 4,331 Bulgarians, and 150,055 persons of various other nationalities, at least Santa Sophia should be restored to Christianity and the Greek Church. There is a precedent in the cases of the churches at Salonica. There, after the Greek conquest in 1912, those mosques which had been churches before the Turkish conquest of 1430 were alone reconverted into churches, and I have seen in them the two dates put up side by side '1430–1912.' Now the present church of Santa Sophia was begun by Justinian in 532 and finished in 537, or 916 years before the Turkish conquest converted it into a mosque, while its two predecessors, the first and the second Santa Sophia, were dedicated respectively in 360 and 435. Thus the site was covered by a Christian Church for nearly 1,100 years, while it has been used as a mosque for only 465. The Anglican Church should certainly support such a restoration, while politically Professor Soteriádes thought that the possession of Santa Sophia would be an immense moral satisfaction to Hellenism, and some compensation if the Peace Conference failed to satisfy its other aspirations.

THE SOVIETS IN SWITZERLAND

THE *Neue Züricher Zeitung* reprints from *Isvestiya* the following interesting report of the work accomplished by the Russian Soviet Mission

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to Berne. The report was read by Jean Bersine, head of the mission, at a meeting of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

We must remember that Switzerland is a small and distant country, with which we had no conflict. Nevertheless, its Government, which believes itself to be the most democratic in the world, was very reluctant to allow us to enter, and did so finally *only under the condition that we should abstain from all revolutionary propaganda.* We could do naught but submit. Therefrom resulted a somewhat abnormal situation. Though representing the Russian workers and peasants, we could not enter into relations with the workers of Switzerland, but had to establish contact with the *bourgeois* Government. *In spite of that, we continued our work of revolutionary propaganda.* That we have not been unsuccessful therein is proved by our expulsion from Switzerland.

One of our principal tasks was that of imparting information. Since we had undertaken to abstain from political propaganda, we kept aloof from meetings and did not write, at least not under our own name, in the press. But we did what we were entitled to do: we informed Switzerland, by way of other countries, of the situation in Russia and of the Bolshevik policy. This we had to do, since therein lay *the chief purpose of our mission* to Switzerland. The Swiss Government and bourgeoisie allowed this to go on for a long time, but when the revolution broke out in Germany, while things were ripening in Switzerland, it became obvious that the Swiss Government would make a move in the matter. Switzerland is dependent on the Entente Powers, and her fear of them grew enormously when their victory was assured. It was sufficient for the American Minister to intimate that he did not like the presence of the Bolsheviki to induce the Swiss Government to settle accounts with us. At first it looked as if a compromise were possible. The demand was made that certain members of the mission should return to Russia, on the ground that they carried on political propaganda. This referred especially to comrade Balabanov, her arrival having been, in fact, the signal for an incredibly violent campaign against the Bolsheviki and our Embassy. Events followed quickly one upon another. The Swiss Socialist Party decided to celebrate the anniversary of the revolution — which shows their solidarity with the Russian proletariat. This frightened the bourgeoisie, which took steps in consequence. Whole divisions were concentrated round Berne and Zurich, in order to suppress the rising, which was to begin on November 10. Zurich was, in fact, in a state of siege, as was also the case with other localities. Thereupon the Swiss workers decided to protest by proclaiming a general strike. This makes clear the fact that the first general strike resulted from *a solidarity with our November revolution* and with our social policy.

The strike did not make the Swiss Government more tolerant. Not only Balabanov and Salshin, but all of us were requested to leave Switzerland at a few days' notice. The presence of the Soviet mission in Berne and its enormous activity in the way of spreading information, not only in Switzerland, but also in the neighboring countries, and even in more distant countries, became a danger to all the bourgeoisies of Western Europe. *Switzerland has been during the war a most conveniently situated post of observation*, and the task of our mission was to keep our comrades informed of what was happening in the West, and especially in those Allied countries concerning which we used to get only scanty information through Germany.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF PROHIBITION

THE ratification by the requisite three fourths of the State Legislatures of the Total Prohibition of Liquor Bill in the United States proves what all students of history know, that there is no tyranny so oppressive and so penetrating as that of democracy. The result is, of course, a triumph of wire-pulling, of vote-sweeping, of organization. Suppose that some bill passed by Parliament had to be ratified by a majority of the county and borough Councils: given unlimited funds, with our modern system of advertising and propaganda, who doubts that any ratification of

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the kind might be obtained? We tremble for our liberties when we think of what results might be attained by a combination of a Film Company with Messrs. Higham, Le Bas, Geddes, Weir, and Beaverbrook. It is inconceivable that a real majority of Americans can be willing to be deprived of beer, wine, and spirits.

Apparently, a few months must elapse before this atrocious tyranny can be brought into operation. In the meantime the Anti-Saloon Leagues have prepared a bill, which will no doubt become law at once, to provide adequate police measures against evasions of the law. The bill provides for the right of the police to search private dwellings for alcoholic liquors makes the consumption of intoxicating drinks a statutory offense, and renders private individuals who keep cellars liable to confiscation of their stores of drink. It may be thought that in this country we are not likely to adopt 'dry' legislation. But with a predominant female suffrage, who can tell? The factory and mill girls and the miners' wives may come to the conclusion that their men are better without alcohol: and then total prohibition and good-bye to our civilization, which largely depends on social intercourse! But in truth we have already lost our civilization.

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM

When I first knew Sir Charles Wyndham he was in the second period of his career as an artist, his first being before my time. Youth was over; the rattler of Cremorne had retreated to a post of observation. For this his delightful art seemed to have been made, and cultivated to a singular pitch of perfection. If the Wyndham drama of this period was not exactly a school of morals, it was at least an education in carefulness. '*Surtout point de zèle.*' 'Whatever you do, don't have a row,' was the attitude. From the time when Doctor Wyndham, taking a feminine hand, opened his treatment with, 'Now, my dear young lady,' a holy calm would settle on the audience, which realized that if all was not well, all would presently look well. The critics took a similar line. If this was not life, it was near enough; if not ideas, demeanor; if not poetry, a charming recitative. *It*, of course, was a perfectly trained artist, with wonderful gifts of voice and manner, imposing a form of dramatic illusion on an intellectually unexacting public of the middle class. Sir Charles was not always the observer, sometimes he was the lover. It did not matter, he was Wyndham; as Irving was Irving and Tree Tree. Nothing grew or could grow from such a theatre but a most agreeable evening's entertainment.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Robert Dunlop, author of *The Revolution in Vienna*, was long an inhabitant of that city, and speaks with authority on Austrian methods and affairs.

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Victor Augagneur, entered French political life as a radical *deputé* from Lyons; he has been a member of several ministries, and was long charged with the administration of the colonies. His opinions should be understood as those of the professional politician.

Bennet Copplestone, is one of the best known of the younger British correspondents who specialize on naval affairs.

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The **Vossische Zeitung,** stands for old-fashioned German conservatism.

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The **Neue Freie Presse,** is a Vienna journal of liberal tendencies.

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IMAGINATION

BY JOHN FREEMAN

To make a fairer,
A kinder, a more constant world than this;
To make time longer
And love a little stronger,

To give to blossoms
And trees and fruits more beauty than they bear,
Adding to sweetness
The aye-wanted completeness,

To say to sorrow,
'Ease now thy bosom of its snaky burden';
(And sorrow brightened,
No more stung and frightened).

To cry to death,
'Stay a little, O proud Shade, thy stony hand';
(And death removing
Left us amazèd loving),

For this and this,
O inward Spirit, arm thyself with power;
Be it thy duty
To give a body to beauty.

Thine to remake
The world in thy hid likeness, and renew
The fading vision
In spite of time's derision.

Be it thine, O spirit,
The world of sense and thought to exalt with light;
Purge away blindness,
Terror and all unkindness.

Shine, shine
From within, on the confused gray world without
That, growing clearer,
Grows spiritual and dearer.

Land and Water

'BROAD BE THY LIGHT'

BY E. F. LOWER

Broad be thy light, O Land, like water bright,
Thy peace like water deep that seems to sleep.
Like woods thy soft clouds wherein the light nests warm;
Let shadows on thy meadows move like sheep.

Thy birds are lovely birds and lovely voices,
And lovely airs they sing in the rainy spring.
Silver hair thy streams, drawn through tangled dreams
Of trees and meads and trees that shake and sing . . .

There should no angers move on the face men love,
Fear should not be there, nor sick despair;
But clear and steady eyes and old histories,
And thought invisible made visible there.

TO CONSCRIPTS

BY ALICE MEYNELL

Compel them to come in.—St. Luke

You 'made a virtue of necessity'
By divine sanction; you, the loth, the gray,
The random, gentle, unconvinced; oh, be
The crowned! — you may, you may.

You, the compelled, be feasted! You, the caught,
Be freemen of the gates that word unlocks!
Accept your victory from that unsought,
That heavenly paradox.

The Dublin Review

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